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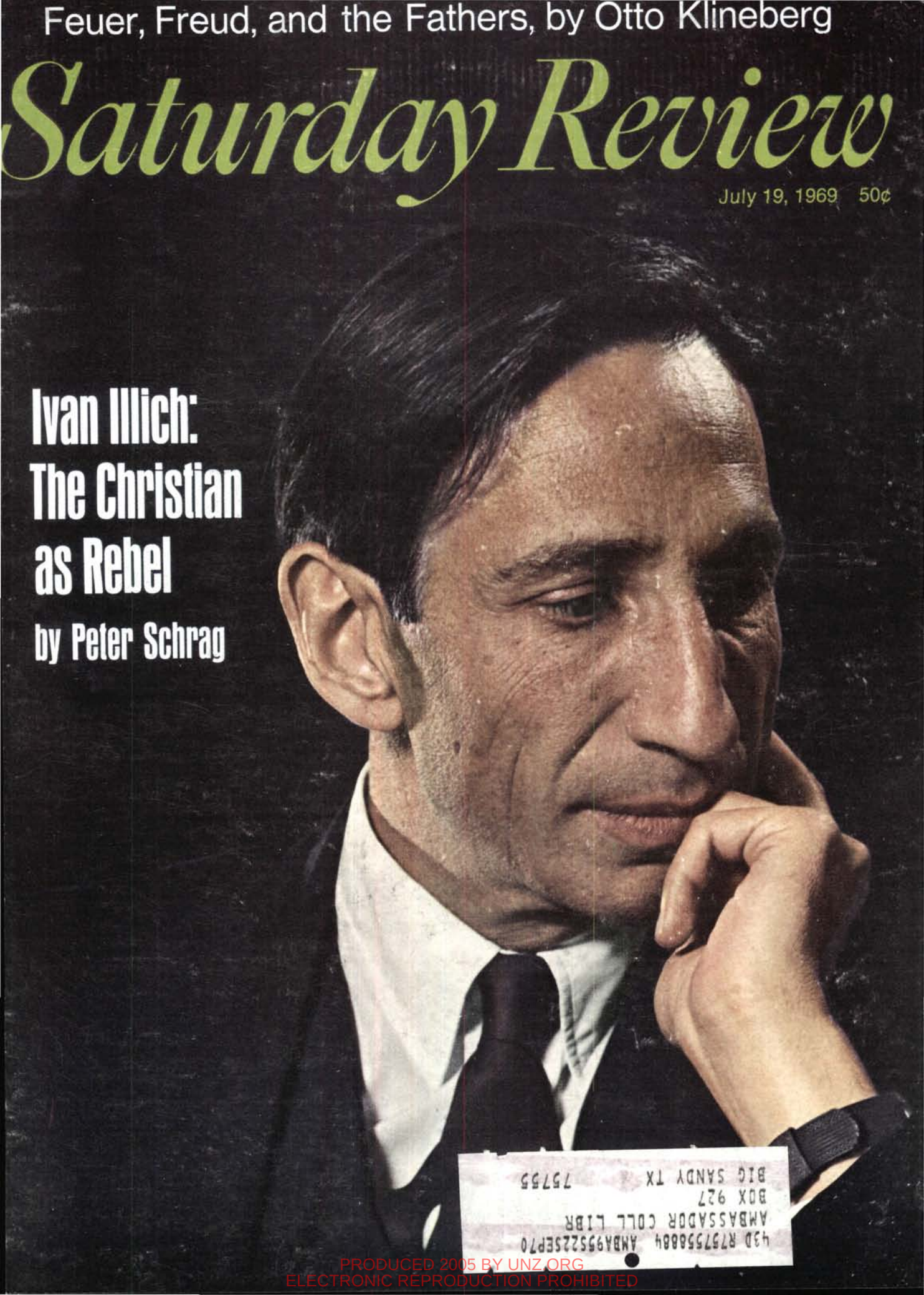
Saturday Review

July 19, 1969 50¢



Ivan Illich: The Christian as Rebel

by Peter Schrag

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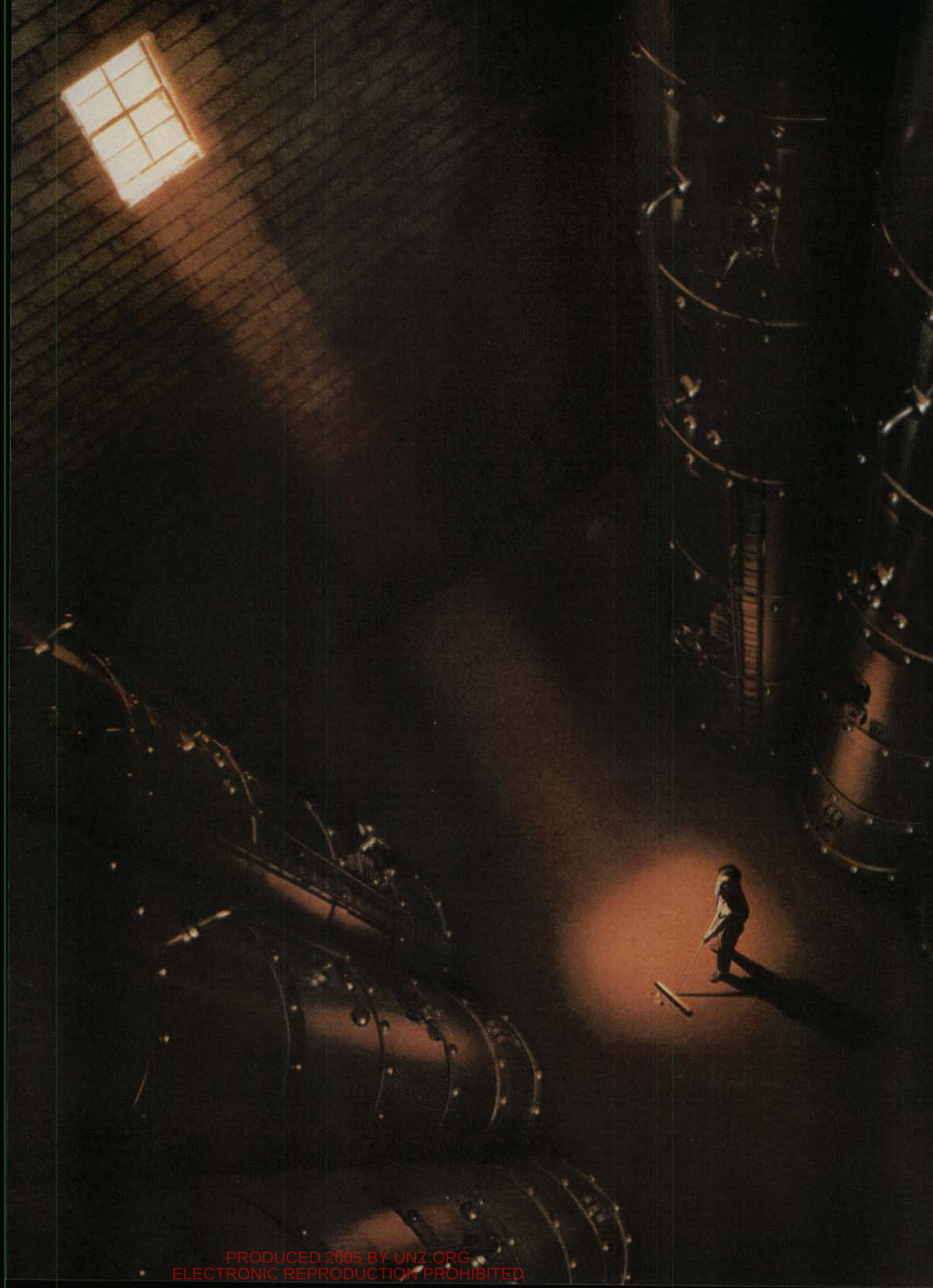

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American industry can no longer be an asylum for illiterates.

Over 8,000,000 American workers have the reading, writing and counting ability of a 4th Grader, or less.

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Last year we had a rather enjoyable romp publishing the revised and enlarged version of THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY by a young upstart named Ambrose Bierce. The book provoked much more interest than most republications, because it still provokes more people than most publications. The *New York Times* reviewer said that Bierce's "black humor . . . irradiates what Goya called the sleep of reason . . . The Dictionary is imperishable." *Time* said: "His agonized view of human perfidy, which he found everywhere, raps on contemporary consciences."

If my conscience gets any more rapping, by Brown or Bierce or anybody else, I won't have one left. But Bierce is fierce and funny and that combination is as rare as ever. Now, afloat (or awash) on the wave of enthusiasm, we have published, again under the editorship of Ernest Jerome Hopkins, THE AMBROSE BIERCE SATANIC READER.

These selections from the invective journalism of the great satirist are irresistibly and everywhere quotable. Beginning with "Is it utterly impossible for a woman to speak the truth upon her oath?" he goes on through demolition and dismemberment. Bierce, writing in San Francisco, used to unload on the great California baron Huntington such amenities as:

> Mr. Huntington is not altogether bad. He tempers invective with falsehood. He says ugly things of his enemies but he has the tenderness to be careful that they are mostly lies.

This is the largely unknown work of the younger Bierce, who wrote, among other slings, "The Board of Regents of the University of the State of California are a precious set of muttonheads. They understand running a university as the Pope does playing a bagpipe. . ."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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Cover Story, page 14

Ivan Illich:
The Christian as Rebel
by Peter Schrag

Cover: Anthony di Gesu

IDEAS

14 Ivan Illich: The Christian as Rebel by Peter Schrag

EDITORIAL

20 Why the Generation Gap?

BOOKS

27 Index of Books Reviewed

27 "Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane," by John Unterecker

42 Books for Young People by Zena Sutherland

EDUCATION

45 New Horizons for Educated Women by James Cass

47 The Reformation of the Catholic College by Robert Hassenger

50 Tension: A Tool for Reform by George B. Thomas

53 The Life and Hard Times of Parsons College by James D. Koerner

56 Feuer, Freud, and the Fathers by Otto Klineberg

THE ARTS

MOVIES

22 Arthur Knight reviews "The Fantastic Plastic Machine," "Last Summer," and "Three Into Two Won't Go."

TRAVEL

23 Morris West's Rome: Arthur Goodfriend

COLUMNS

4 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

8 Jerome Beatty, Jr.: Trade Winds

10 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

26 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

30 Your Literary I.Q.

39 Literary Crypt

46 Wit Twister

70 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1841

Photo Credits on page 63

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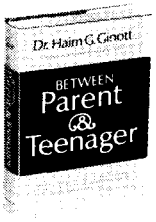

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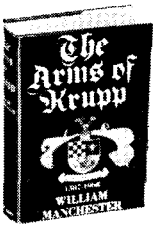

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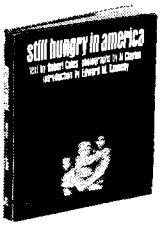

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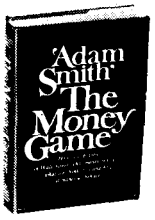

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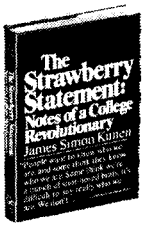

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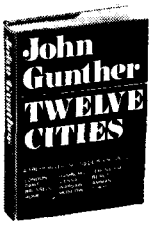

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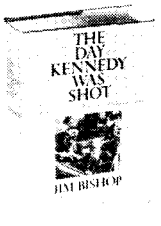

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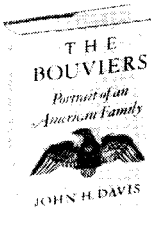

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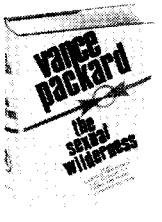

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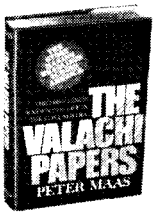

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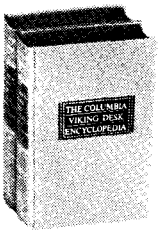

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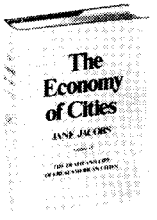

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They've taken away our Moon in June,
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And given us back a ball of dust,
Rolling in outer space.

—Murray Sarlin.

Letter from the Jersey Shore

This busy Jersey shore community, hard by Barnegat Bay and even harder by car on a weekend, is growing with amazing speed. From my vacation cottage window I can look across our little inlet off the bay and watch roaring bulldozers, puffing pile drivers, and whining power saws. Out in the bay, a black dredge sucks up sand and pipes it to the shore. In a twinkling, the sand is leveled, bulkheads are built, and new houses go up.

In contrast to other parts of the state, where workmen proceed at a sensible pace during the hot summer months (three or four boards, eight or ten bricks a day), here the cottage-building task is accomplished at a dead run. Workmen are hammering and sawing with Gusto, the local building contractor, nagging them on to greater efforts. Every few minutes he pops out of his orange pickup truck, waves his arms, and yells.

Houses in every stage of construction line the inlet. Out at the point, there's only a foundation. Twenty houses down, directly across the inlet, a family has already moved in. Right now the owner is tackling a top-priority project—installing a television aerial. He doesn't seem to be bothered about the shutters on each side of his picture window which, when closed, will leave a gap of approximately ten feet across the window.

His picture window overlooks my picture window, and me at the typewriter in my undershirt, eating a bologna sandwich and drinking beer from a jelly glass. With a view like that it's easy to see why the cottages are selling like hot cakes. Perhaps the Realtor will persuade me to stay here for the remainder of the summer, at his expense.

To insure adequate ventilation, the houses are being built several feet apart. A house and a lot are almost the same thing here. Between the new houses, you can just see the line of older cottages that fate has moved inland. Two years ago, the inlet here widened into a cove, and the distant houses had beach frontage. One owner even made a nice piece of change by renting leaky rowboats. Then last fall the dredges moved in and filled half the cove with sand. In less time than it takes to say, "Why are you building houses between my house and the water?" Gusto and his men had installed their footings of clay, and the new cottages were springing up. It must be a shock for a man to return to his "place right on the water" and find out that it isn't.

I'm not sitting by the window because I'm an exhibitionist: nor am I making a study of how few rafters you can install without having the roof cave in. I am watching for the County Mosquito Control Commission's red truck. Clouds of white fog rising above the rooftops will identify it long before it heaves in sight. At first warning, I'll give the order to batten down all hatches; otherwise the cottage will be filled with reeking vapor. Some cottage occupants actually keep their windows open so that the spray will kill mosquitoes. But, by unanimous family poll, we'd rather be bitten than choked. I think the fellows who operate the spray truck feel the same way. They always choose a route into the wind.

The kids spend their time watching for white trucks, operated by the Good Humor men and the Carnival men. The two ice-cream firms are rivals, and the trucks race around all day trying to get ahead of each other. Their constant bell ringing might annoy me if it weren't for the lucky presence of the pile drivers across the inlet.

Although I can't tell the difference in taste between a Carnival and a Good Humor—both are good—I lean to the latter because there is faint hope I might find a Lucky Stick. My wife warns that this dates me; Lucky Sticks were declared a lottery and outlawed sometime back in the dinosaur age. Anyway, people over 100 will know what I'm talking about—if you got a Lucky Stick you turned it in for a new Good Humor. Some lottery.

Last night an elderly ice-cream man arrived in an open-style truck I hadn't seen before. A walkway surrounded the freezer compartments, and the driver didn't have to dismount to serve customers.

"It's new and I like it because nobody can steal ice cream while my

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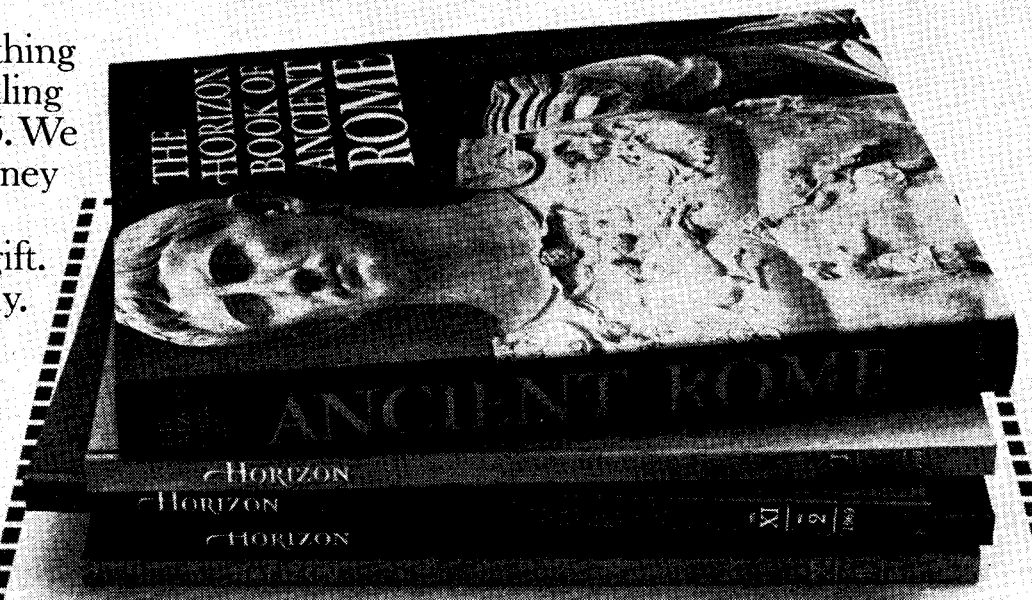

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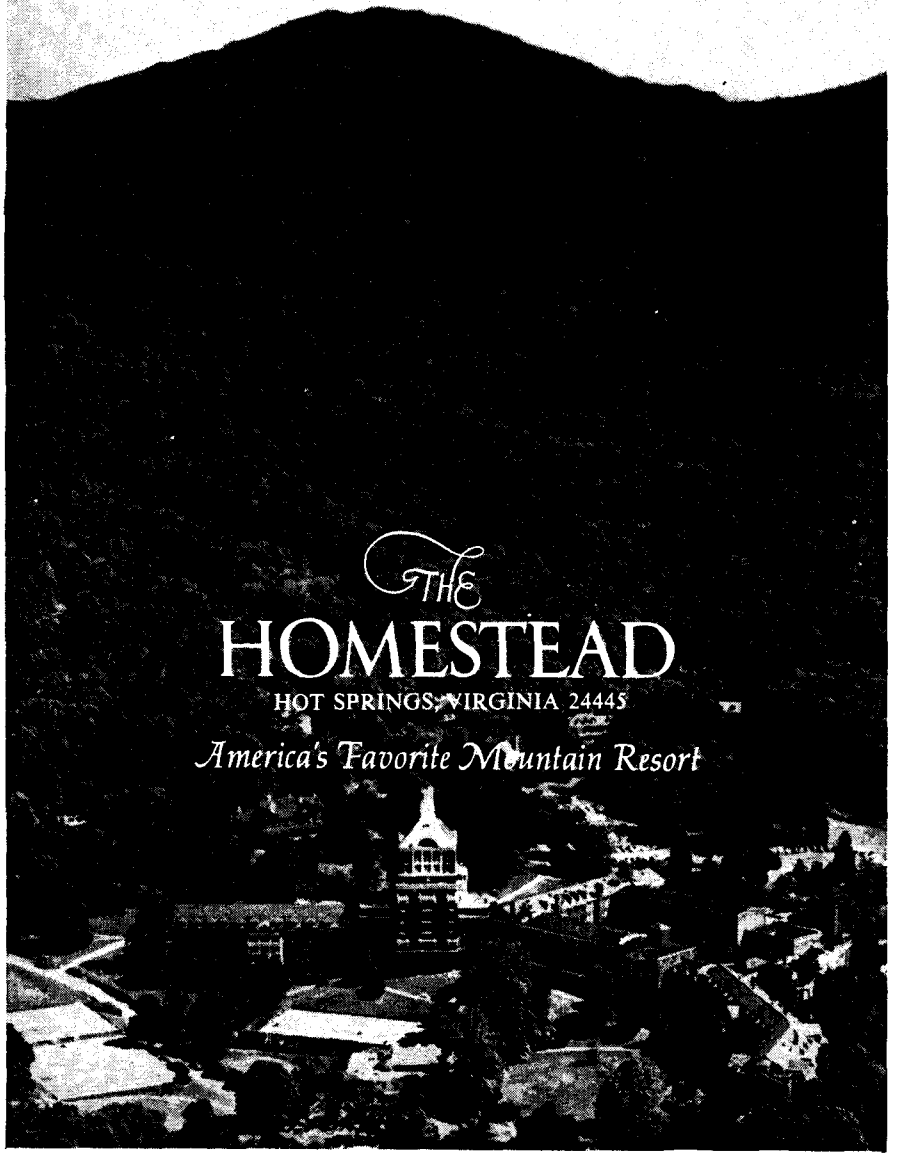

back is turned," the driver told me. "The other trucks, a dashboard light goes on when one of the freezer doors is opened, but what good does that do if I'm outside at the side door and somebody is sneaking open the back door?"

Before I could reply, the driver spotted a rival truck, with parking lights only, creeping down a row of houses. With a foul oath, he leaped to his seat and screeched away, bells jangling merrily.

If memory serves, and it rarely does, the pace at the shore was much slower back in the Lucky Stick lottery days. It was also possible to go for a sail without getting water skiers tangled in the rigging, and powerboats didn't leap about like flying fish. This morning while sailing out in the bay I encountered a little kid operating a skiff with an outboard the size of a four-drawer filing cabinet. I know that's putting it in landlubber terms, but when an outboard motor reaches that size it ceases to look like an outboard; it looks like a four-drawer filing cabinet and it goes rrrRRROOOWWWwwwrrr across your bow, and you leap in the water by reflex. When I surfaced, the kid was almost out of sight. He was a cute towhead—you know how adorable they look when they reach that second-grade age.

I had just managed to climb back aboard when a dozen more overpowered boats, piloted by underaged skippers, zipped by me. It was clearly a race—perhaps the Barnegat Bay Open Regatta for Seven-Year-Olds or the Annual Juvenile Detention Center Boat Outing—and I had blundered into the race course, wherever that was. The area was also occupied by water skiers who kept falling over. Bobbing up and down in the water, they made tempting targets for the other boats.

Boats themselves appear to have undergone revolutionary changes. On the Jersey waterways they now come in all colors of the rainbow. For some reason it never occurred to me that a boat could be bright pink with orange trim, have chrome tail fins, and be made of glass.

Ropes used on glass boats are made of plastic. To keep ends from unraveling, you melt them with a match or cigarette lighter. It is not an uncommon sight here to see an overweight yachtsman sitting on his afterdeck lighting the end of a rope, as panting young chicks in bikinis cluster round. It's a good life, and I must down to the seas again. Right after the fog from the mosquito truck lifts.

—Dereck Williamson.

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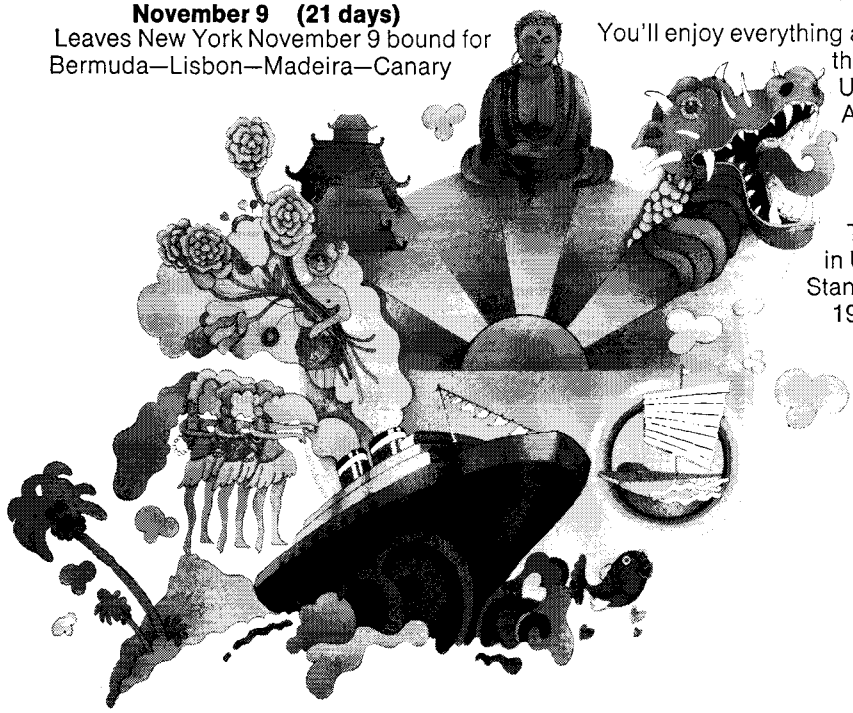

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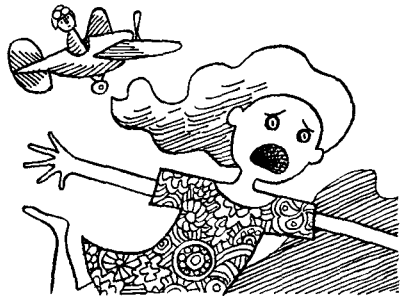
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A fellow in Palo Alto, California, who flew P-38s during World War II and has continued flying told Harrison Roddick of a recent experience:

"Last weekend I asked my six-year-old daughter if she would like to go up for a flight. She had been on commercial airlines a few times when we went to see her grandparents. She said, 'Oh, yes, when can we go?'

"My wife said, 'Be careful!' I took my daughter out to a local airport and rented a twin-engine job. I strapped her in, pushed the starter button, and began to warm up. She yelled, 'Where's the pilot?' I replied that I was. She



looked at me a moment and started screaming and trying to unfasten her seat belt. She continued to scream even after I turned off the engines—and that was that. A kid certainly knows how to hurt a guy."

One of the amazing things about our century is that people who are here to see a man land on the moon were also here when Orville Wright kept himself and a passenger aloft for one hour, twelve minutes, and forty seconds at a speed of better than 40 miles an hour. That was in Virginia in July 1909. Three days earlier, Louis Bleriot's birdlike machine had come out of the haze over Dover and landed on English soil, the first flight across the Channel. In August, Glenn Curtiss won prizes at the air races at Rheims, speeding 12 miles in less than sixteen minutes to win the James Gordon Bennett Trophy. In September, Wilbur Wright's biplane buzzed the Statue of Liberty; in October, he overflew the warships of five nations in the Hudson River.

Imagine the excitement of flying fever and how it must have thrilled a young boy who read of these incredible events. One of them, an eleven-year-old Californian, kept scrapbooks into which he crammed every newspaper clipping, magazine article, and photograph about flyers and flying that he could lay his hands on, including air-meet programs, posters, ads, and other mementos of the years 1909 and 1910.

The boy was Houston Peterson, son of Sam Houston's youngest daughter. He soon put aside the scrapbooks for other activities, eventually becoming a historian, biographer (T. H. Huxley, Havelock Ellis, Conrad Aiken), and professor. Until his retirement not long ago, he was chairman of the philosophy department at Rutgers. Fortunately, Professor Peterson never threw away the scrapbooks. On occasion he would bring them out and people would read them in awe and delight. Now publisher Richard W. Baron is about to reproduce Houston Peterson's fascinating collection in one volume called *See Them Flying*. Just think, when the boy started cutting and pasting airplane clippings, Geronimo and Buffalo Bill were still alive.

The teaching of reading in public schools, says Helen S. King, is a subject that generates much controversy. She notes the following helpful comment by Joseph McVicker Hunt in *Children With Reading Problems* (Basic Books):

> Perhaps the task of developing proper motivation is best seen, at least in a nutshell form, as limiting the manipulation of extrinsic factors to that of keeping homeostatic need and exteroceptive drive low, in favor of facilitating basic information processing to maximize accurate anticipation of reality.

From reading *Insomnia: The Guide for Troubled Sleepers*, by Gay Gaer Luce and Dr. Julius Segal, I found out that I am a victim of the myoclonic jerk—a sudden body spasm while asleep. I am not an insomniac by a long shot, but if there is any trouble sleeping on my part, it is this sudden occasional jerk that shakes the bed. According to the authors, it is caused by tiny bursts of electrical activity in the brain. They say it is just a stage in the normal sleep cycle. Nothing can be done about it. I'm a jerk, and that's all there is to it.

Sharps and Flats: If Mitchell Parrish had not written the words to Hoagy Carmichael's famous tune, Hoagy would not have had a title for his autobiography, *Sometimes I Wonder*.

► In Brazil they poke the eyes out of cattle so they won't wander off while waiting to be slaughtered.

► If the regular sessions of Congress were ever televised, the people would rise up against the political system as it now functions.

► One system that continues functioning through everything is the Book-of-the-Month Club's selection process. Recently, Pulitzer Prize winner Paul Horgan joined the Club's four-man editorial board.

► In Eugene, Oregon, a group practiced Dr. Baxter's scientific experiments on the sensitivity of house plants. One woman sent thoughts of love to one of her plants every chance she had, and it thrived. At the other, she scowled and snarled, "Communist!" and it eventually died.

► A recent flier of the U.S. Government Printing Office describes publications for sale by the agency, among them being No. 67J, *Subversive Influences in Riots, Looting and Burning*, and No. 56J, *Factors in Selecting and Applying Commercial Explosives and Blasting Agents*. The latter "seeks to acquaint the reader with the great variety of explosives available, their advantages and disadvantages, and their general areas of applications. . . . The ingredients and more significant properties of each explosive are tabulated and briefly discussed." As P. Elliott points out, you can buy these two pamphlets and find out how to do your anarchistic thing and with whom.

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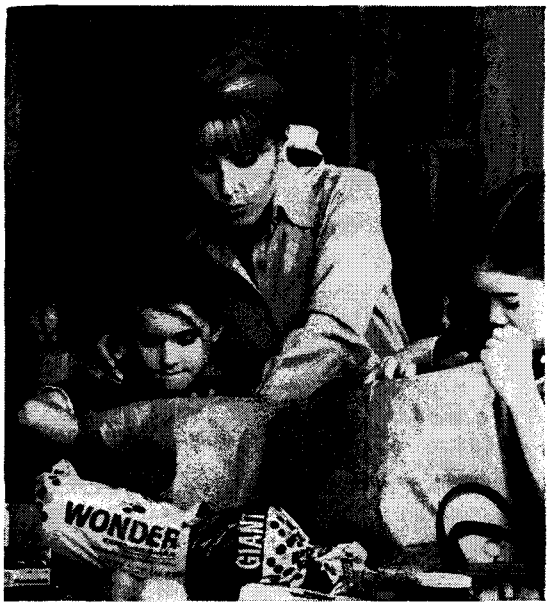
Chris and Ann never heard of us, but we're building our future for youngsters like them.



The girls have just come home from shopping with their mother at the local supermarket. She let them pick their favorites from the well-stocked shelves.

They picked up Wonder Bread because it tastes good. Their mother knows Wonder Bread helps build strong bodies, as well.

Now Continental Baking Company, the maker of Wonder Bread and related products, is moving into a new period of growth by joining ITT.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Cutting Up in the Senate

I WISH YOU could have been with me in the amphitheater the day the doctors of the American Medical Association operated on the collective body of the United States Senate.

The X-rays had discovered some suspicious-looking knowles which appeared to the unskilled eye to be benign. But the doctors had decided they were malignant knowles and would spread throughout the body politic.

From the outset, the decision to operate was a controversial one, friends of the patient having expressed their belief that surgeons are always too quick to want to operate.

"Will the patient die if the knowles are not removed?" they asked.

"Well," hedged the head surgeon, "I wouldn't say the patient would die exactly, but I will state that the Senate body could not live with knowles for more than a month or two, that's conservatively speaking, of course."

One medical man, Dr. Robert Finch, disagreed. He stated that the knowles were not malignant, and it was a case of the doctors' being filled with too much zeal.

"I disagree. The knowles are benign, and it's a case of the doctors' being full of baloney," was the way he put it.

He appealed to the head of the hospital, who said, "I'm going to have to go along with the opinion of the AMA and Dr. Dirksen. The operation will be performed."

"OK, Dick," said Dr. Finch, "if you say so. It's going to be an expensive operation. I'm going to advise my patient to charge it all to Medicare."

"I'd be a little more careful of my language around the AMA," said the head of the hospital.

So the amphitheater was prepared and the patient rolled in. When the Senate body looked up and saw where he was, he bolted upright and said, "What's going on here? What am I doing in an operating room?"

"Take it easy," the surgeon said pushing him back down. "This is rather sudden, but we feel it's urgent and for your own good; and it is going to hurt us more than it does you, because you won't feel a thing. Just lie back and think pleasant thoughts, like a neat junket to Paris with all expenses paid."

Then turning to the assembled doctors he said sharply, "Anesthesia."

They looked around and there was no anesthetist. In the haste of the decision to remove the knowles, they had

"All these years I've been saving something to say to you, but I just can't think of it at the moment."

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overlooked this detail. There was some scurrying around trying to find one, but it was the weekend when all the big doctors are on their yachts enjoying the full life they hope to give their patients to enjoy.

Then Dr. Dirksen stepped forward, a man of few words and good humor.

"I volunteer my services," he began, "although I have never studied the art of anesthesia, I have been known to put many an audience to sleep with my speeches. And realizing the importance, nay, the gravity, of this moment of truth in which we now find ourselves engulfed, I will recite several of the speeches I have made on the floor of this august chamber. I want it understood, however. . . ."

"OK," said the surgeon, "let's get going because. . . ."

"I don't yield the floor," said Dr. Dirksen. "I want it understood I am not being paid for this service, it is offered free and gratis."

"Yes, we understand, doctor. Just start your speeches."

"My esteemed colleagues of the Senate body," began Dr. Dirksen.

"Scalpel," said the surgeon quietly as Dr. Dirksen continued. "I cannot sit idly by and permit my young colleague from Massachusetts to go unanswered."

"Oh, I forgot," said the surgeon. "First my gloves, then the scalpel. Keep on, Dr. Dirksen, the patient is going under."

For those of you who are squeamish, I will draw the curtain here. The operation was performed with skill and precision and in living color. But after the knowles were removed, there was some commotion around the operating table.

"As long as we have him open," said the head surgeon, "let's try a transplant. All in favor?"

There was a general nodding of heads.

"And I want to add one thing," Dr. Dirksen was saying.

"Hydrogen," said the head surgeon.

"Why should small children be prohibited from praying in schools? Who is to say. . . ."

"Oops," said the head surgeon, "I meant oxygen."

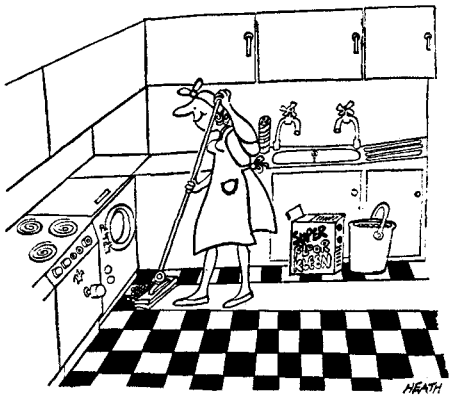
"That a little child shall not lead us and that. . . ."

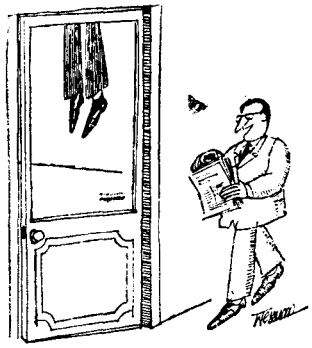
"Dr. Dirksen, please, we are going to try a transplant of an egeberg," said the surgeon.

"I think an egeberg would be fine," said Dr. Dirksen. "But unaccustomed as I am to offering learned expertise on transplants. . . ."

And so the operators transplanted an egeberg.

Time alone will tell whether the Senate body rejects it.





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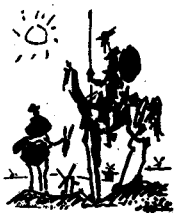

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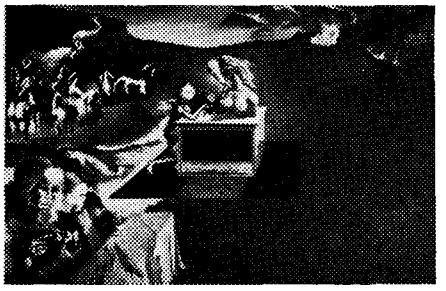

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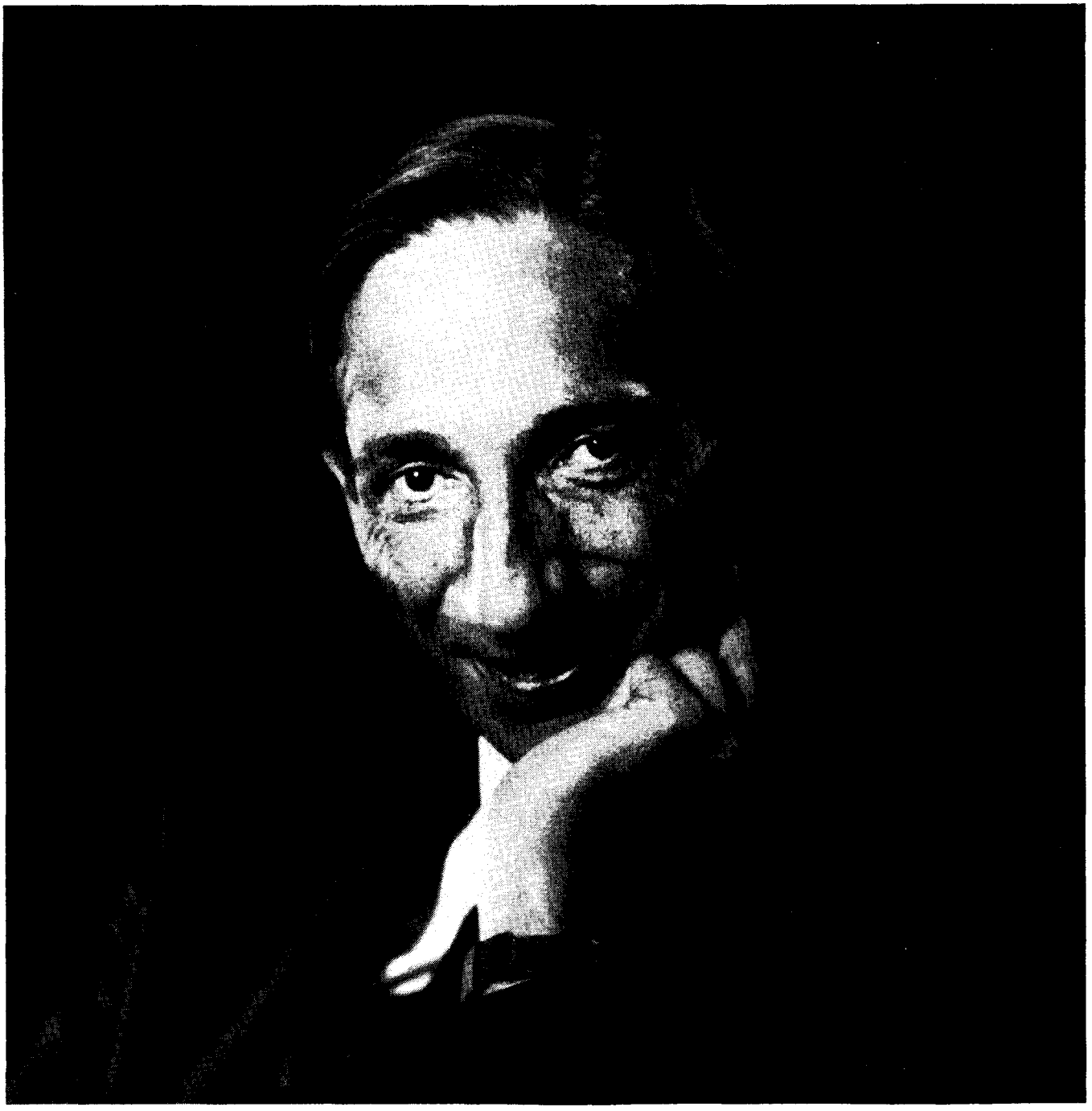
Ivan Illich: The Christian as Rebel



by PETER SCHRAG

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO.

Ivan Illich. He is a kind of ultimate figure, a symbol of the controversies that rack modern men, yet somehow beyond them. Ordained a priest (and named a monsignor), he now wants to be known as "Mr. Ivan Illich, a Christian." He is part superman, part everyman—demanding and humble—a many-faced devil in the eyes of the Roman hierarchy, a sort of Promethean individual who turned his wit and Thomistic training against that hierarchy. Accused of witchcraft and revolution, interdicted as rebel and heretic, he is an unwilling (and inappropriate) hero for the reformers of the Catholic left; an associate of Latin American radicals and European bishops, of nuns and priests and politicians, of poets and philosophers; the subject of a Gothic inquisition in the bowels of the Vatican, and a source of interest to security agents of all descriptions and nationalities.

In an earlier age, Ivan Illich might have become a mythical figure—a religious schismatic, perhaps, or a political criminal marked for exile or execution. In this age, when the heresies are more likely to be worldly and ideological, Illich's chief significance lies in his challenge to newer orthodoxies—his

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profound questioning of bourgeois and liberal assumptions of national development, and especially his critique of the growing influence of American ideas of schooling and "modernization" in Latin America. His chief offense—what has made him a marked man, and sometimes a hero—is his commitment to a radical humanism against conventional hierarchies and current ideas of social virtue. Illich has set himself not only against the hierarchy of his church but against all artificial mystiques and structures, and against all the barriers of certification, class, and distinction that separate men from each other and from themselves. His targets are not specific governments and politicians, but the ideologies and promises that alienate men from their traditional sources of dignity and joy without giving them a better life in return.

He is a man for all seasons, a man who transcends particularities of time, place, and ideology. He has lived on three continents, speaks eight languages, and moves with ease from the asceticism of Greek monasteries and from retreats in the Sahara to the offices of universities and foundations. His settings are invariably exotic: Five days with Illich in Mexico, where he now lives, is a tour through space and history. The setting is the pungent perpetual spring of Cuernavaca; the silent Toltec pyramids of Xochicalco; the density of the Plaza Garibaldi in Mexico City with its mariachi bands, its vendors, its noise; or the endless distance across the hills to the snow peak of a silent volcano. But the man is close and intense and dramatic. He is lean and dark, sometimes with a white shirt and black tie, sometimes in a knit shirt from Brooks Brothers, sometimes in a Mexican ruana. His conversation with a visitor ranges from intrigues in Rome, a mardi gras in Rio, and the peasants of Peru, to the writings of the great theologians and philosophers.

Even the specifics of his biography run from place to place, across borders and continents. Born in Vienna in 1926; son of a Croatian Catholic father and a Sephardic Jewish mother; educated in Vienna, Salzburg, and Rome (where he was ordained); a doctoral dissertation on Toynbee; service in a parish among the Puerto Ricans of New York; vice chancellor of the Catholic University of Puerto Rico; and, for the last eight years, director of the Center for Intercultural Documentation (CIDOC) in Cuernavaca, one of the most unusual educational establishments in this hemisphere.

Situated on a hill overlooking the city, CIDOC is a physically idyllic Renaissance-styled white house surrounded by gardens, trees, and flowering shrubs. From the terraces, where Illich often sits (talking in French to a Canadian clergyman, or in Spanish to a refugee from Catalonia, or in English to an American journalist), there is a magnificent view of Cuernavaca and the mountains to the east. Within—in the spacious rooms, around the pool, and in the classrooms—CIDOC is a kind of Platonic academy, civilized, free but orderly. CIDOC is part language school, part conference center, part college, part research library, and part publishing house. Here are college students from Chicago, priests from France, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, a pilot for a fruit company, a Mexican librarian, a couple of American university professors, a black militant from New York—Canadians, Belgians, and Germans. They chatter their Spanish lessons in class and at the tables on the veranda, or discuss the implications of the latest Latin American coup. Invariably, someone at CIDOC can speak of it with authority, or at least with a sense of intimate experience.

CIDOC is, most of all, a kind of antischool, established in part to train North American missionaries for work in Latin America (and partly to discourage the unqualified from coming) and in part to be a center for free and often radical discussions among intellectuals from all continents. As Illich speaks of it now, CIDOC is to become a source of criticism for existing secular orthodoxies of development and education. If the Alliance for Progress and the U.S. presence in Latin America have an institutional critic, it is CIDOC.

Because CIDOC's functions are so varied (seminars, language classes, research, publishing), its elements tend to remain separate—distinct entities joined by the personality and presence of the man who created them. He walks in the gardens speaking alternately about education and the planting of shrubs, greets a curious visitor (who, it is said, might be a security agent or a tourist, but what does it matter?), and returns to the terrace outside his room to answer a telephone call from New York. On Fridays there are receptions for new students, many of them undergraduates from the United States, and on Sunday there is a quiet lunch with the Bishop of Cuernavaca. One has a sense of distance, distance from the world, from airports and traffic and machinery, and from worldly schedules. Yet, there is also the record, a record of controversy and notoriety. "Many people come here out of curiosity," Illich said one evening. "I don't know them, although I'm sure there are always security people around. I offered to give all the keys to our files to a member of the security police. That would save them the cost of making skeleton keys."

Illich and CIDOC enjoyed an underground fame among Catholics almost from the time of the center's establishment in 1961; since then more than 1,000 priests, nuns, and laymen have passed through for language training and for courses and seminars in the cultures of Latin America, listening to scholars from North and Latin America, to rebel priests and establishment bishops, and, of course, to Illich himself. The message—later published in an article in the Jesuit magazine *America*—was that North American missionaries were, in effect, agents of U.S. cultural imperialism, that they knew little of the people and places to which they were assigned, and that the efforts of U.S. churches (encouraged by Pope John XXIII) to send large numbers of religious personnel to Latin America were chimerical at best and probably dangerous.

The fame became public when, in January of this year, the Vatican declared CIDOC off limits to priests, nuns, and other religious, and when it all but branded Illich himself a heretic. "You," said an emissary from the Vatican, "are politically immoral." In subsequent weeks, Illich revealed that he had been summoned to Rome in June of 1968 and had been subjected to an inquisitorial procedure on everything from his theological and political beliefs to the kind of parties that took place at CIDOC. For example:

> What is your thought on the nationalism of states, on international Marxism and on Catholicism in religious, political, social, and economic world order?
> What do you say about the idea of modernist, revolutionary, and guerrilla priests in Latin America, the ones who say that if the Catholic is not a revolutionary and on the side of the revolutionaries, then he is in mortal sin?
> What do you say about those who say you are "restless, adventurous, imprudent, fanatical, and hypnotizing—a rebel to any authority, disposed to accept and recognize only that of the Bishop of Cuernavaca?"
> Is it true that in the neighborhood of CIDOC, gatherings and parties are held, even at night, in the private rooms of young girls either guests or employees, and that priests and nuns are present at these?
> Is it true that the various publica-

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tions of CIDOC readily and avidly print articles containing communist propaganda, as well as qualified comments on religion in general, and Protestant and anti-Catholic thought in particular?

Illich was given a list of eighty-five questions, but he refused to take an oath of secrecy, or to answer the questions which had been given him in writing. The questionnaire, he said, "does not correspond to principles established in church regulation. Nor is it the way to a humanly and spiritually adequate relationship between Holy Mother Church and her children, even if those children were culprits." He pointed out that at his own request he had been allowed by Archbishop (now Cardinal) Terence Cooke of New York to suspend his priestly functions—that he was operating entirely as a layman—and that for this and other reasons, the church has no jurisdiction over CIDOC. (Earlier a papal emissary had accused him of not believing in Canon Law. "I don't have to believe in it," Illich responded, "I only have to obey it.") Nonetheless, in a letter from Cardinal Francesco Seper, prefect of the Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith (formerly the Holy Office, which once conducted the Inquisition), all priests and nuns were forbidden to participate in CIDOC activities.

Quite plainly CIDOC was regarded as a dangerous place; it was vaguely associated with the attacks on the Vatican on the matters of birth control and priestly celibacy, with Latin American radicals, with a Benedictine monastery in Cuernavaca that had been engaged in psychoanalytic activities, and, most of all, with Illich's attacks on the political use of the name of the church.

But the danger did not stem from words alone. People far more radical than Illich have been ignored. The threat of Illich is the threat of the personality that gives life and fire to questions that might otherwise remain academic. Another man might have suffered his inquisition in silence. Illich elevated it to the level of a cosmic encounter behind padded doors, before a man who introduced himself as "your judge," and which ended with Cardinal Seper's parting words: "Get going, get going, and do not come back." These, Illich noted, were the last words of the Grand Inquisitor to the prisoner in Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Illich's sense of the dramatic is fully developed. Inevitably, he seems to see the major events of his experience in more-than-worldly terms, as larger than life—raw material, one might imagine, for an attempt at an epic novel. Illich could be involved in almost any conspiracy, a character for E. Phillips Oppenheim, or for Graham Greene, or for Dostoevsky himself. The passport he carries is American, the accent is Central European, the name from a story by Tolstoy. But as he stands on the terrace at Casa Blanca, the house in which CIDOC is located, he is nothing if not mortal, the long black hair blowing in the wind, the deep eyes reflecting the Mexican dusk, speaking about how "I am illiterate in eight languages," about the sources of human dignity and joy, and about the historic purposes of the church. "My real enemies," he said, "are those who don't know how to laugh, who take things too seriously." Illich is the man who drives a Volkswagen (dangerously), who travels with one clean shirt in a brief case, who does not arrive but materializes.

The questions prepared in the Vatican reflected a combination of fact, rumor, and innuendo about Illich and his enterprise. He had been out of favor with Rome for some time, probably since he chose to go his own way rather than continue a promising career in church scholarship and diplomacy; he had told a Latin American bishop (in a casual airplane conversation) that he had been initiated into some of the rites of Haitian voodoo, and was therefore suspected of witchcraft; he had told nuns in Cuernavaca that the church and the convent functioned as asylums for people who would be misfits in the larger world, that they were, in effect, alternatives to mental hospitals; and he had frequently questioned the hierarchy on a variety of issues. But most of all, the inquisition reflected the difficulty of defining Illich's own career and complex ideological and theological positions.

Center for Intercultural Documentation: part conference center, part research library, part publishing house,

CIDOC has in fact collected and published documents relating to violence and insurrection in Latin America, among them, for example, the only comprehensive collection of the writings of the Columbia rebel priest Camillo Torres (whom Illich knew, but whom he never invited to CIDOC), but it also publishes bibliographies and source materials on church history, labor movements, and various ideological controversies. Among CIDOC's seminar leaders have been organizers of Latin American popular movements, including the Jesuit priest Alejandro del Corro (who has said that violence is probably the only way to social prog-

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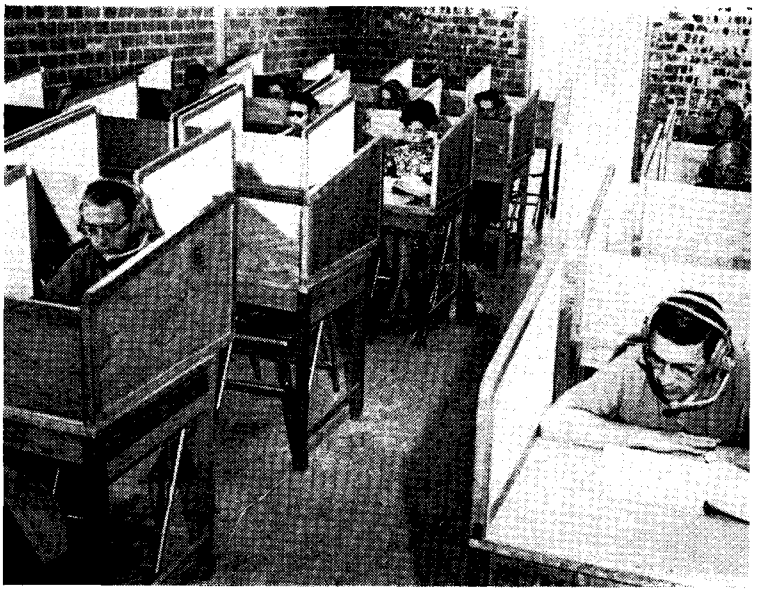
ress) and Francisco Juliâo, a Brazilian exile who organized worker and peasant movements against large landholdings in that country. But Illich's faculty also boasts scholars and establishment churchmen from North and South: Harvey Cox of the Harvard Divinity School; the Bishop of Cuernavaca, Don Sergio Mendez Arceo, an urbane, civilized (and nonpolitical) churchman who is one of Illich's closest friends; Michael Novak, a former editor of *Commonweal*, and now a member of the faculty at the new college of the State University of New York at Old Westbury; the Reverend Joseph Fitzpatrick, chairman of the division of social science at Fordham University; and Everett Reimer, who has been active in resource and educational planning in Puerto Rico.

CIDOC's faculty is not permanent; teachers are invited in for periods of one to three months (and occasionally longer) to lead seminars, teach courses, and participate in discussions. Their activities come on top of a staple of language courses (primarily Spanish), which are taught by native speakers and which provide the bulk of CIDOC's financial support. And while the religious personnel still come (the ban had little effect on attendance by priests and nuns), the majority of CIDOC's students are now laymen, many of them college undergraduates (from such schools as Mundelein, Old Westbury, Valparaiso, and Fordham). Illich has little contact with most of them, and they often complain that they have insufficient access to the discussions and resources on which CIDOC's reputation rests. Somewhere above them swirl the controversies and debates about revolution and heresy, but few of them get to know the man whose activities and ideas helped produce them. CIDOC's programs are isolated from one another. The students who enroll only for language courses, for example, are not allowed access to other classes or seminars, or to the library. If they wish to use those resources they must pay tuition and attend regularly. CIDOC itself is divided into levels and areas. "If we did not do this," Illich said, "everything would become too crowded. The research library is not large enough for open use by all."

If CIDOC has a reputation as a wild place, the center itself is highly structured and disciplined. It is not a free university or a Utopian community. The wearing of shorts is not permitted, and the pool may not be used during the hours (8 a.m. to 10 p.m.) when the library is open. Some of the students have managed to offend local citizens with their manners and occasional attempts to reform Mexican mores; social behavior among them is probably no different from what it is on any American campus. But Illich has been careful to keep revolutionary sentiments verbal and within the family: Those Americans who arrived with the intention of starting a Mexican student uprising or of leading other insurrections have been quietly but firmly dissuaded.

Illich's work and ideas, and the significance of CIDOC, are more fundamental and hence more radical. For several years, his controversies with the hierarchy have made him a hero of the Catholic left, especially in the United States. Here, it seemed, was another champion in the assault on clerical rigidity and Latin American conservatism. Here was another victim of the church's unwillingness to adjust to the times. Yet, Illich has been as opposed to clerical involvement in liberal causes as in conservative ones, as critical of liberal theologies of schooling as of the conservative institutions of church and state. "I don't want to be the hero of the left," he said. "*N'employez pas Son nom*—don't use the Lord's name in any political cause." Illich asked to be relieved of his priestly functions—temporarily at first, now indefinitely—not only because, as he has said, "I don't want the reputation of 'notorious churchman,'" but because he doesn't want the church implicated in his activities. The church has been the container of the culture, the bearer of tradition, not as hierarchy but, at one time, as teacher. By establishing increasingly difficult and irrelevant barriers for the priesthood it lost contact and life at its roots. As a cultural and religious force (though not as hierarchy), it will survive its current sterility, must survive, he believes, "or there will be no sense in survival for anyone." It would be better, in his view, if the priesthood were composed of "ordained laymen"; if the church were served by a part-time clergy rooted in common human experience and drawn from the places and people it serves. "The Catholic matter for me is very simple," he said. "The kingdom is not up there in the sky. Look among you."

But the prime issue now is not the priesthood and the theology of the Roman church, but the new theologies of the middle class and the new church of schooling, and it is against these that Illich has turned. The school, in his eyes, has become the new mystique,



part language school—"distinct entities joined by the personality and presence of the man who created them."

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the new doctrine, and the new hierarchy. Given their limitations in resources, Latin American schools can never take the majority of children through more than the fifth grade (nor will there ever be room for that majority in the affluent middle class). What the schools teach is the importance of schooling itself, not worthwhile trades or literacy or any humanly important attitude or skill; they serve as baby-sitters, measuring success by the amount of time spent in class, by years and hours, and not by human achievement. But since they cannot possibly provide an adequate education—even if measured in terms of time—they serve primarily to legitimatize existing social and economic distinctions, using number of years in school, rather than birth or station, as bases of distinction. The school justifies the position of the middle class, teaching order and conformity, teaching that those who are not schooled must, of necessity, remain second-class citizens. "These people are happy, there is a joy in life," Illich said driving through a lower-class neighborhood of Mexico City. "But with schooling, in another five years this will be considered a slum. Schooling will convince these people that they are inferior."

Schooling may have worked in North America, he said, but it can never work here; the resources are inadequate. What it will create is a new hierarchy and new kinds of repressions: Not imposed from the outside but by teaching people that those who are not schooled are worthless, that is, by a form of brainwashing. "The greatest change in Latin America in the 1960s," he said, "is in the growth of the numbers of people committed to schooling —in the percentage of those who say, 'My children have to go to school.' Schooling is like a religion. It has a hierarchy with separate orders and cults. In another day, people believed that if they were not baptized they would go to hell. So it is now with schooling. What I want to do is to apply my experience with the Byzantine politics of the church to the Byzantine school system."

Two years ago, Illich stirred up a church debate with an article called "The Vanishing Clergyman," which outlined his case for a system of part-time, indigenous priests, not a professional hierarchy; now he is talking about "The Vanishing Schoolmaster," proposing—vaguely and admittedly without full study—a pluralistic educational system without hierarchical organization or artificial barriers. Most professions, like the priesthood itself, demand certification and training irrelevant to the requirements of the craft. As Illich puts it: "My dentist has a technician with five years of grammar school. She drills and fills teeth, and cleans them. If she sees anything unusual, she calls the dentist. She does an excellent job, but now what she has been doing is becoming illegal. She lacks certification."

Among his own senior staff, Illich points out, none has a college degree. (The chief administrator at CIDOC, Valentine Booremans, was educated in a French convent school, worked in a bookshop, was a deep-sea diver with Jacques Cousteau, and, among other things, played washboard in a jug band. Among his other staff members is a librarian with a sixth-grade education, who developed a simplified cataloguing system consonant with standard catalogues which is now being adapted in other underdeveloped nations; a young Mexican with limited formal schooling runs the printshop; a former Belgian resistance fighter; and several other Mexicans who never reached the sixth grade.) "We are," Illich said, "a threat to the establishment of certificated people." Next winter, a major portion of CIDOC's program will be devoted to a study of educational alternatives — apprenticeships, community training, and other possibilities—that is, to threatening that establishment a little more.

> "Another man might have suffered his inquisition in silence."

For Illich, the issue of schooling is symbolic of other problems and mistakes in Latin American development. What it represents is the self-serving arrogance of the international middle class, as he wrote in an unpublished paper:

> The war on poverty aims at the integration of the U.S. underprivileged minorities into the American way of life; the Alliance for Progress pretended to integrate in one decade the so-called underdeveloped countries of America into the community of industrialized lands. Both programs were designed to have the poor join in the American dream. Both programs failed. The poor refused to dream on command. The order to dream and the money they got only made them rambunctious.
>
> Huge funds were appropriated to start the U.S. minorities and the Latin American majorities on the way of integration into a U.S.-style middle class: the world of universal consumer credit, college attendance, the world of household appliances and insurance. A rash of volunteers swarmed through New York ghettos and jungle canyons pushing the persuasion which makes America tick. The former Peace Corps volunteer and the frustrated social worker are now among the few who explain to mainline America that the poor are right to reject forced conversion to the American gospel. Only seven years after launching its major missionary enterprise, the army in Vietnam, riot squads at home, and military governments in Latin America ask for more funds to protect the exiguous headway made by the few converts to the American way of life here or there. Comparison of these three theaters of missionary effort and war will help bring home a truism: the American society of achievers and consumers, with its two-party system and its universal schooling, benefits those who have got it—if they want it—but not the rest of he world. A 15 per cent minority at home who earn less than $3,000—and an 80 per cent majority abroad who earn less than $300 per year—are prone to react with violence to the schemes by which they are to be fitted into coexistence with affluence. . . .
>
> The "war to preserve the values of the West" is one war fought in three theaters. It has one purpose: to protect and expand the style of life and the style of death which affluence makes possible for a very few, and which the affluent declare obligatory for all. In all three theaters of the war the same three strategies are used: money, troopers, and teachers. But money can benefit only a few in Vietnam and a few in the ghettos and a few in Latin America, and the consequent concentration of imported benefits on a few requires their ever tighter protection against the majority. For the majority of the marginal, economic growth of their surroundings means rising levels of frustration. Therefore, on all the three frontiers of affluence, the gun becomes more important to protect the achiever.
>
> From experience of years dealing with the U.S. idea-salesman in Cuernavaca I know that his insight is costly. There is no exit from a way of life built on $5,000-plus a year; and there is no possible road leading into this way of life for nine out of ten men in our generation. And for all of them it is revolting to hear that it is their fault that they do not fit into God's world as it should be—decreed around the North Atlantic. It is not the American way of life lived by a handful of millions which sickens the billions, but rather the growing awareness that those who live the American way will not tire before the superiority of their quasi-religious persuasion will be accepted by the underdogs.

Illich's remedies tend to be indefinite and sometimes contradictory; he has

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no crisp program or clear answer to the charge of his liberal critics—among them some of his best friends—that only the promise of schooling and social advancement, however unfulfilled, can offer some hope in the unstable and often repressive societies of Latin America. What he advances instead is a kind of radical humanism against the norms of middle-class aspiration: the world finally is divided between the "biophilic" and the necrophilic, between those who love life and those who worship possessions; between those who can laugh and those who can't; between those who "want to deepen life and those who only want to lengthen it." In his vision any genuine education tends to be political and revolutionary, and any real learning to be subversive. Birth control programs in Latin America have failed, Illich said, because they require forms of adult education that inevitably have political consequences and are therefore unwelcome to the military governments of the hemisphere. "The political order cannot tolerate too much awareness, originality, and risk. Education of adults which is analytical and dialectic leads inevitably to a liberation from taboos. Idols cannot be knocked off selectively. . . . The awareness that sex does not have to lead to unwanted motherhood provokes another: the insight that economic survival does not have to breed political exploitation. The freedom of the mate and the citizen lead over the same road." Real adult education is far more radical than training guerrillas. Schooling, on the other hand, teaches acquiescence.

It is hard to know whether Illich would favor unselective smashing of idols, whether he would tolerate the possibly anarchic consequences of education-for-dissidence rather than acquiescence. For he is not so much a social theorist or critic as a creator of social aphorisms, strings of insights rather than visions, hard to pin down and therefore perhaps more threatening and dangerous than a rigid ideologue. Yet from them all—from his articles, his conversation, his seminars—comes a perception that the world is not divided between nations or political blocs, but between an international middle class which takes its cues and style from the United States and a set of other cultures, perhaps a single other culture, with which it has little in common. Illich speaks about the possibilities and difficulties of cultural coexistence and of developing (or maintaining) educational and social alternatives in places where that middle class will never be accessible to more than a small minority. "The economist, the planner, and the doctor," he wrote, "tacitly assume that all men are compulsive consumers and achievers who yearn for well-paid jobs, and wish themselves into the shoe of those who have made it with fewer babies and more things. Such reasoning is based on a supposed 'law of human nature.' . . . Missioners condescendingly take their own idiosyncrasies for other people's natures." If that position leads Illich to oppose planners and social engineers, it also tends toward sentimentality about the other culture, about people untainted by bourgeois aspirations: "Peasants' culture," he wrote, "provides categories which endow even extreme rural privation with dignity." The peasant is richer and wiser than the Alliance for Progress. But that view itself can generate the most rigid of reactions. Perhaps the peasant can endow his privations with dignity, but shouldn't he at least have the option of another life? Can such choices ever be made without social change, and without some regret about the road not taken? Perhaps, indeed, peasants are being propagandized or schooled away from their traditional sources of dignity, but privation is hardly a social objective, and learning takes place outside the schoolhouse—on television, on radio, in gossip, and in experience. If the peasant is alienated from his culture, it may be just that having learned of the bourgeois option (the well-paid job and more things), he prefers it, however unlikely the chances of success.

Illich and a rabbi student— "his kingdom will always be within."

Illich expects to spend the next few years raising and discussing such questions through CIDOC, to discuss them with other intellectuals, and to open them up for teachers and students, especially those from the United States. And if such questions are radical, they are tempered by his own profound suspicion of Utopian thought and social planning. In the battle between the Bourbons and Jacobins of this world, he is more likely to be a Bourbon, a tentative man who is conscious of the limitations of political action and social perfectibility. His kingdom will always be within, and in the civility and love that human intercourse can produce; and his enemies, in the long run, are more likely to be liberals than conservatives. Beyond that, Illich wants to study, to read, as he says "the classics"—philosophy and theology and history—and to pursue an interest in, among other things, the question of whether the medieval astrological spheres (fire, air, water, earth) have any universal applicability in the characterization of human personalities. From time to time, he will go on retreats as he has in the past, living in a cave, or in the desert—not, as he said, to be alone, but to have solitude. And from time to time, he will also, as in the past, go to the fiestas, the carnivals, and the games: he will, given the chance, live life, not try to reform it.

In the meantime, however, he is likely to have a continuing impact on the people he teaches and on the course of policy, not merely by the force of ideas but through the power of personality.

Illich, said someone who just met him, seems to be a hunted man, a wandering Jew looking for some kind of repose. ("All good men," the visitor quickly added, "seemed to be hunted.") But within that huntedness there are the passion and imperatives of civility, tradition, and a deep culture. One evening, as he sat at the ancient pyramids of Xochicalco, watching the sun set behind the mountains, he spoke at length about convivium—about living together—about the promises of human fulfillment. And, later that evening, he continued about love between men, not sentimentally but with a tough reverence. "Love," he said, "is not symbiosis. Poverty, chastity, and obedience have become perverted in meaning. What they really mean is openness, freedom, independence, and love. The fear of God means, 'don't let anything get between us.'"

Illich is not a hunted man, but a passionate one, and his passion is a deep belief in the irreplaceable contemporary value of the best in the heritage of the church, the West, and mankind.

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Why the Generation Gap?

I remember attending public high school a number of years ago in San Francisco at a time when many of my fellow students were sons and daughters of Orientals and Europeans who had recently immigrated to the United States. These students hardly differed from any of the rest of us either in speech or behavior. I recently checked the yearbook of my graduating class and found that their names included, among many others, Belluomini, Cicchi, Ronconi, and Simoni; Brunkhorst, Svirdoff, and Waldtenfel; Endo, Fong, Gok, Koo, and Nakagaki. Yet, in spite of their names and in spite of their parents' closeness to their "old countries," these young people were completely a part of the American culture of that time.

Their parents, by contrast, for reasons which are understandable, clung to the cultures they had left behind, often settling in colonies such as North Beach, China Town, or Japan Town. They spoke their native languages, and attempted to raise their sons and daughters in the old traditions. More often than not, these attempts were failures. The young people rebelled, recognizing often unconsciously that the world in which they were living differed greatly from the old country. Strains within families were often severe and emotions ran high. There were numerous failures of communication and understanding.

Today we call this phenomenon the "generation gap."

I believe that the analogy between the generation gap that existed between immigrants and their children a few decades ago and that which exists between parents and their children today is a reasonably good one. In many instances, today's adults attempt to live in the culture of the "old country," by which I mean the culture of America in their youth. They cling to that world, by now a world of dreams, which, though it existed once, can never exist again. Their children, by contrast, live in a world that differs as dramatically from the United States of a generation ago as the world of the children of immigrants differed from that of their parents.

Throughout most of human history children and their parents have lived pretty much in the same world. Change has taken place, but it has been so slow that parents have felt reasonably confident that their children and their grandchildren would live in a world much like that in which they had grown up. Until recent decades immigration from one culture to another was the only means of bringing about a truly substantial generation gap.

Today, however, so rapid is the pace of scientific and technological development and so rapidly are certain of these new developments being embraced by society, the world in which younger people now find themselves differs dramatically from that in which their parents grew up. And I suspect that like the children of immigrants, our younger people today are better able to adjust to that new environment and above all to understand it—than are their parents. Further, this is not a phenomenon confined to the United States. We see this dichotomy becoming a major force in the greater part of the world. Whether a nation is capitalist, socialist, or communist; democratic or authoritarian; Buddhist, Judeo-Christian, Muhammadan, or atheist appears to be nearly irrelevant.

Of all nations the Soviet Union has been the most successful in keeping the dissent of youth from bubbling to the surface on a substantial scale. But even there the dissent of youth is deep-seated and the oldsters in power are fearful. Again, the world in which the present leaders of the U.S.S.R. grew up bears little resemblance to the real world of today. In their wildest imaginings neither Marx nor Engels, nor even Lenin, anticipated the kind of world in which we now find ourselves.

What kind of a world do most of our young people in the United States feel they are entering as they leave our colleges and universities? In the minds of many, and for very good reasons, it is a world fraught with danger, inequity, and injustice.

They see an arms race between West and East and particularly between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.—which has now been a way of life for a quarter of a century and which consumes a huge proportion of the available resources of the two countries.

They see massive nuclear deterrent systems sufficient to destroy both countries, and probably modern civilization as well, should either nation or a third nation rock the boat.

They see the likelihood of acceleration of the arms race through the deployment by the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. of anti-ballistic missile systems.

They know that nuclear military technology has spread from the U.S. to the U.S.S.R. to the U.K. to France to China, and they recognize that it can spread to many more nations.

They see their fellow young Americans being killed in a war in Vietnam which makes no sense, and they cannot understand the language used by older people in attempts to rationalize that war.

They see two-thirds of the human population living under horrible conditions of hunger, deprivation, and misery, while a small proportion of humanity—including a large part of the United States—lives under conditions of unprecedented affluence.

They see the gap between the rich and the poor nations widening rapidly. They recognize that while we in the rich nations are getting richer, the poor nations are either getting poorer or barely maintaining their present levels of poverty.

They see at home the racial strife, the poverty of the blacks, the gross racial discrimination, the urban decay,

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the rioting, and the fantastic increase in crime.

They see hunger, malnutrition, and even starvation right here in the rich United States, where there is so much food that we pay farmers well not to grow more.

They see the pollution of our atmosphere and streams, the destruction of our magnificent wilderness areas, the merging of trash heap with trash heap —a process which threatens to transform our country into a continent-wide garbage can.

They see these appalling developments and then they ask questions. They ask, for example, just what are the older persons who are supposed to be running this nation and those who are supposed to be running other nations doing about these problems?

If spending money is any real indication of effort, the nations of the world are attempting to solve their problems by maintaining large military establishments. With each passing year world-wide expenditures for military purposes have reached record heights. From $120 billion in 1962, they rose to $132 billion in 1964, to $138 billion in 1965, to $159 billion in 1966, and to more than $180 billion in 1967, and all the indications are that 1968 broke another record.

In a recent report the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency states:

> Global military expenditures take more than 7 per cent of the world's gross product. In money terms they are equivalent to the total annual income produced by the one billion people living in Latin America, South Asia, and the Near East. They are greater by 40 per cent than world-wide expenditures on education by all levels of government, and more than three times world-wide expenditures on public health.
>
> Very rough estimates indicate that since 1900 more than $4,000 billion has been spent on wars and military preparedness. If the current level of military spending should continue, this total will be doubled in only twenty years. If the recent rate of increase in military spending continues, the arms race will consume another $4,000 billion in only ten years.

Beyond our military expenditures our young people see that we are really not coming to grips with the problems of hunger or poverty either here or abroad. Our total expenditures on public education are little more than one-half our military expenditures. The problem of urban renewal has yet to be really scratched.

As for foreign technical and capital assistance, which is essential if the poorer countries are to develop both socially and economically, they see that the total effort is actually decreasing. Our expenditures for overseas assistance amounts to a mere one-half of 1 per cent of our national product and to one-fifteenth of our military expenditures. Added to this, in the face of these serious domestic and international problems which are crying for attention, our younger people see us spending billions of dollars on the space game. By the time the moon landing set for this month is completed, the cost to the Government will be just over $24 billion. They can ask with good reason why, if we are able to mobilize our science and technology so magnificently to fly to the moon, why can't we mobilize our resources equally effectively to come to grips with our problems here on Earth? Are pictures of the moon and a few pounds of lunar rocks worth more to our society than eliminating hunger and poverty? Are they worth more to society than providing adequate education for our young people? If they are worth more, and indeed there is considerable evidence that many people believe this is so, then we must face the fact that we are sick.

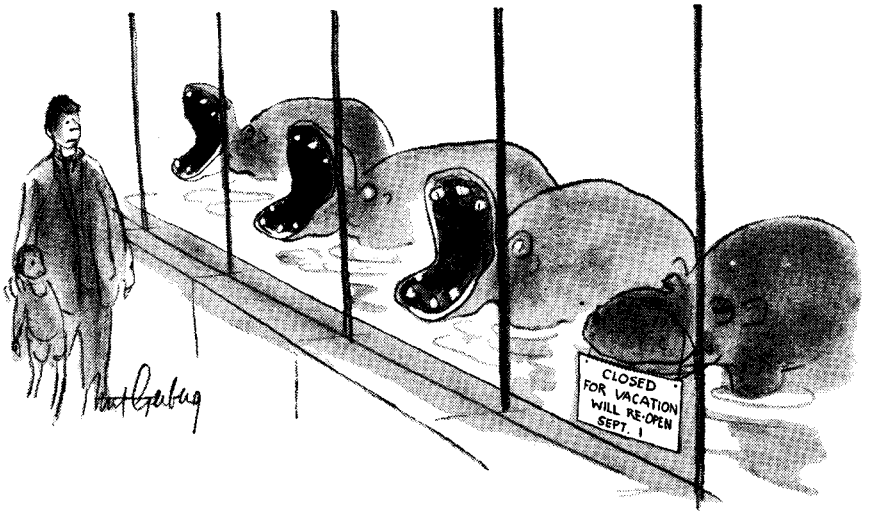
In short, our actions and our inactions present to younger people a picture which, to put it bluntly, is ugly. The picture is one of an insensitive and selfish people who are more concerned with themselves than with their fellow man, and who either don't attempt to solve their domestic and international problems at all or prefer to solve them by the use of force.

On the other hand, we older persons feel that we haven't exactly been inactive. We have moved from the depths of the Depression to unprecedented affluence. We have combated successfully Hitler's armies. Willy-nilly we *have* reduced poverty in the United States considerably. In less than twenty years we have reduced poverty to where fewer than one-tenth of the white families and fewer than one-third of the Negro families live below the poverty threshold. We have built the most effective mass education system the world has ever known. Never before has such a large proportion of a nation's population been given the opportunity of attending a university. We have shipped massive quantities of grain overseas to alleviate hunger. We have protected friends in Europe and elsewhere from the danger of Soviet expansion.

Are these not accomplishments of which we can reasonably feel proud? I believe they are.

But young people can say in reply that what we have done in the past has not been enough, that what we are doing today is not enough. They would be correct.

Feeling strongly about these problems young people have lashed out at the Establishment. Most of them being students they have lashed out at our colleges and universities as symbols of the Establishment. And they have lashed out in great strength. Recently George Gallup said: "Those who comfort themselves that the trouble on the college campuses of America is caused by only a 'handful of students' and that the majority is completely out of sympathy with the goals of the militant few would be disabused of this view if they were to talk to students across the nation, as seventy-five representatives of the Gallup Poll did recently." He points out that nearly a third of all students have participated in demonstrations and that although almost all students deplore violence, most students agree with the aims of campus militants. The biggest gripes range all the way from not enough say in the running of the college to the current inadequacies of society to adult and



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governmental authority to the Vietnam war.

The concerns about our society are reflected in the fact that more than 50 per cent of the students have done social work—a far cry from the situation in my day. Nearly one-third of the students expect to be teachers when they are forty. Do these facts make our young people appear irresponsible? I think not.

According to the Gallup survey the biggest gripes of students about their parents' generation are: "too set in their ways," "a lack of communication (they won't listen to us)," "too conservative," "indifferent," "apathetic," "materialistic," "too strict," "racial prejudice." The biggest gripes of parents about young people are: "undisciplined behavior," "lack of respect for authority," "youth are over-indulged," "just plain irresponsible," "smug," "too self-assured."

Is this not indeed a generation gap? Are we older persons not indeed immigrants from a comfortable "old country" of thirty or forty years ago?

I agree personally with about 75 per cent of the student discontent that I have seen on campus, and I have been on many campuses and have talked with many students. However, I object strongly to the use of force. I have absolutely no objection to demonstrations; I think they are healthy. But violence and the willful breaking of laws cannot be condoned. Also, the rebels lack goals. They know what they are against; in general, they really do not know what they are for. They are truly rebels with a cause, but without a program. I don't believe that it is possible to protest effectively unless one thinks through an issue to the point where concrete proposals for remedial measures can be developed.

With these reservations, we older persons should be truly grateful to the majority of our younger persons today for they are making us think seriously about problems which, if they are not solved, can lead mankind to the brink of extinction. I submit that this extinction is highly probable.

I am also convinced that we have the means for getting ourselves out of this mess. In short, our science and our technology have placed in our hands the tools to create a world in which all people can lead free and abundant lives. Starvation, hunger, misery, and poverty in the world today are absolutely inexcusable. We clearly have the power to eliminate these scourges.

Prior to the recent raising of the voices of youth we were not headed in that direction. Now perhaps the cries of youth will stimulate us to launch a frontal attack upon these basic ills.

—HARRISON BROWN.

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Ah, Youth!

YOUTH, as Bernard Shaw once observed, is such a wonderful thing, it's a shame to waste it on children. Most movie makers seem to be fully in accord with this Shavian observation, preferring to concentrate on the dramas and traumas of adolescence rather than presenting some of its untrammeled delights. Indeed, of a trio of new films with an accent on youth, only one, *The Fantastic Plastic Machine*, makes it seem as if kids ever have any fun. In all the rest, the youngsters are shown as troubled, hypertense, or downright neurotic—more like young adults, in short.

Lest anyone be led astray by the title, *The Fantastic Plastic Machine* does not refer to any space-age, science-fiction invention; it is merely the newest development for surfing—a grooved, short board that provides the maximum in maneuverability while riding the crest of a wave. An American surfing team (average age, near twenty) discovers it when they travel to Australia to engage in a competition. To their astonishment, they also discover that Australia's champion surfers, Nat Young and Bob McTavish, have refused to join the contest. Both object to the growing commercialization of the sport, and have addressed themselves to improving the equipment and using it for intensive self-realization. Their "moment of truth" comes when they pit their skill and courage against the crushing force of the sea.

This documentary, produced, written, and directed by Eric and Lowell Blum, goes far beyond any previous surfing film to establish the mystique of the sport. Although there are the obligatory shots, magnificently photographed, of both the American and the Aussie surfers plunging down vast, 20-foot "curlers," the commentary (spoken toward the end by Young himself) emphatically rejects this form of suicidal sensationalism. The real objective of the sport, according to Young, is to achieve an inner peace—which is why he has rejected the whole notion of competition.

As a solution to our social ills, which at times the film somewhat pretentiously attempts to be, *The Fantastic Plastic Machine* is awkward and naïve. But there is something marvelous in watching these beautiful, healthy young people who, with perfect command of their bodies, place self-control and self-realization above other more material rewards.

To turn from the ten tanned surfers of the Blums to the equally tanned quartet in Frank and Eleanor Perry's *Last Summer* is to enter a whole new world. The Perrys, who earlier made *David and Lisa*, discover on Fire Island a group of spoiled, aimless, mindless kids who are living out the last summer of their adolescence on the pleasures of the moment. Allowed to run wild by their well-heeled parents (who never appear on the screen), they indulge in a mounting crescendo of petty cruelties, sexual experiments, and finally the savage, wanton rape of a singularly plain girl who has joined the party—one suspects out of sheer loneliness.

It is curious that this film, adapted from a novel by Evan Hunter, insists on isolating its characters so completely. Their houses are empty, their beaches are deserted, and, apart from a visit to a nearby town where they are menaced by a trio of bullies, their sole contacts are with themselves. What makes this so odd, even granting that there *may* be a deserted beach somewhere near New York in the summer, is the fact that the picture is attempting to make a social statement, presumably an indictment of permissive parents. In Mrs. Perry's sparsely written screenplay, however, the confrontations that might have confirmed this have been omitted. We watch, instead, a horror that seems to grow out of the children themselves—and is all the greater for the lack of clear motivation. It is an arresting and disturbing film, with a visual lyricism that lends its own irony to the cold destructiveness of these golden, conscienceless youths.

But even these kiddies are towers of virtue when compared to Judy Geeson's teen-aged hitchhiker in *Three Into Two Won't Go*, co-starring Rod Steiger and Claire Bloom. Picked up by a traveling salesman (Steiger), she accedes readily to his suggestion that they spend a night together in a midlands inn, then goes on to his home where, with cunning and guile, she willfully disintegrates further an already failing marriage. She wants neither the husband, the wife, nor the home—simply the pleasure of destroying all three. Unfortunately, Steiger is so bumptious and heavy-handed that it is impossible to care whether this little monster succeeds or not.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The Cognoscenti Abroad—VI: Morris West's Rome

IN THE Campo dei Fiori, glint-eyed shoppers and pushcart peddlers haggled over piles of peppers, squid, sausage, flowers, melons, and carcasses of mutton. Above it all, as though brooding over the animated scene, stood the statue of a hooded monk named Giordano Bruno.

"Bruno was burned for heresy about 1600," said Morris West, the brawny, sandy-haired Australian author whose novels include *The Ambassador* and *The Shoes of the Fisherman*. "He faces exactly the windows of the old chancellery of the popes of those days. The statue was erected after the Risorgimento when Garibaldi unified Italy, as an insult to the papacy—at that time a repressive political influence throughout the Western world. For me, studying Bruno as the basis of a play, the Campo represents the constant tension in Italy between the secular state, ruled in coalition by the Christian Democratic Party, and the Vatican, which exercises enormous political, financial, moral, and religious power. In this square you find the four things that keep Rome alive. One, the church. Two, the state. Three, the antiquities which dominate the city psychologically. And four, the Roman people."

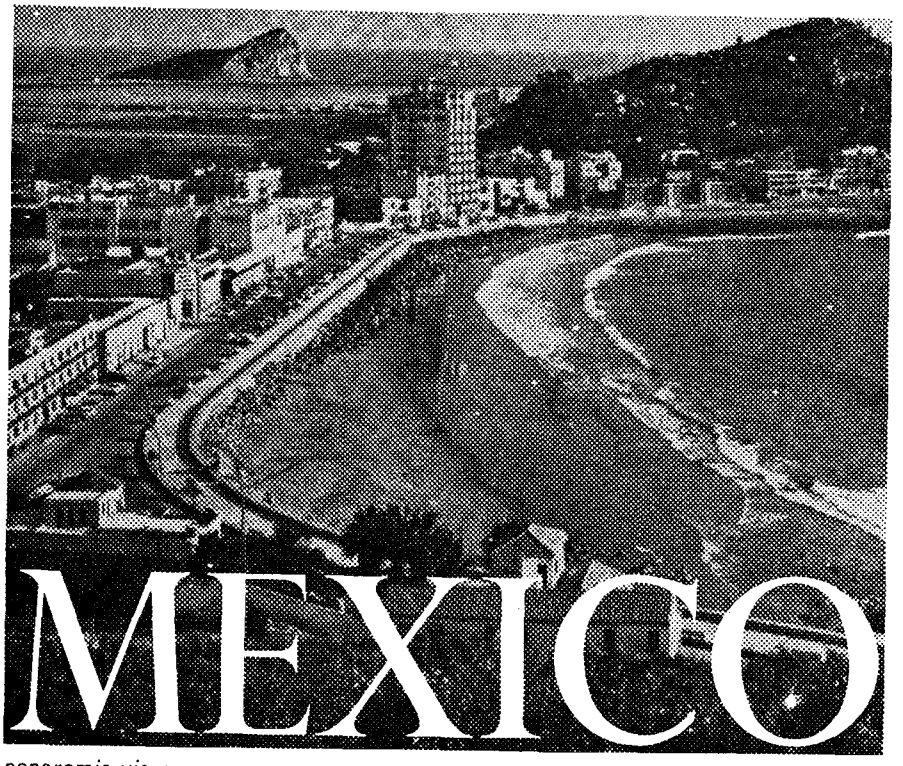
From seats at a sidewalk café we watched the Roman people probe cantaloupes with suspicious fingers, and argue and jostle over six fish for the price of five. West laughed. "Romans are the worst-mannered people in Italy. They are cynical and brusque. Everything that can happen to man, good and bad, has happened here and they know it. In a city that has suffered the Caesars, the Borgias, the popes, Napoleon, the Nazis, nobody is impressed by temporary pretensions. Their attitude toward authority is one of accommodation without respect. Historically, in a funny way, the struggle between church and state has fostered individualism. Untrammeled, church and state tend to totalitarianism. And so Romans are individualists, deeply imbued with the church's intention—the concept of each man as a separate child of the creator."

West had reached the dregs of his espresso. "The modern Roman can be summed up in a local saying which loosely translated means a Roman is a man who gets up in the morning saying, 'Let's raise hell with the world,' and at midday says, 'Oh, the hell with it!' Yet, with it all Italy has projected itself after the breakdown of war into a viable modern state which, unlike England, is solvent."

A quarrel erupted in the Campo. A tradesman brandished a switch of *finocchio* in the face of a shrewish customer. "Listen," West urged. "That's the Roman dialect *Romanaccio*. She's calling him a big brawling gusty bawdy son of a bitch. More noise than heat. The fight will end with *s'arrangia qui*, the Roman expression meaning one arranges oneself without relying on the law. Everyone knows this city is governed by archaic laws going back to Justinian. There is no habeas corpus here. Judges are overworked and in short supply. If those folks are foolish enough to get arrested, they're apt to rot in jail for weeks. But bureaucracy in general is mercifully confused, and as a by-product of Roman cynicism there is a considerable tolerance for human vagaries. The cops won't interfere with the quarrel. And if they do, the backlog of cases is dealt with periodically by a general amnesty. This is a permissive city, provided you don't fight it. A smile gets you a long way farther than a head-on argument. It's part of *s'arrangia qui*, the general arrangement." As though they had overheard, the quarreling couple smiled and separated.

West left a few lira on the table, and we walked out to inspect what he calls the key to Rome, its antiquities. He led the way to the Piazza Navona, the Pantheon, the Piazza di Pietra. "Every street and square delivers its awesome quota of beauty enhanced by age," he said. "These vestiges are everywhere, eternal reminders that this was once the center of the biggest and best organized empire the world has ever known. A reminder too of the vanity of human hopes."

Crossing the Corso, West flipped a coin into the Fontana di Trevi, ringed as always with entranced tourists. His attention, however, focused on the humbler fountains of Rome, the taps flowing on each street corner where people filled pitchers with pure water. "Rome's present water supply is still largely dependent on waterworks designed in the time of Augustus by an engineer named Frontinus. He arranged to have these taps flow constantly to flush the sewers. The supply



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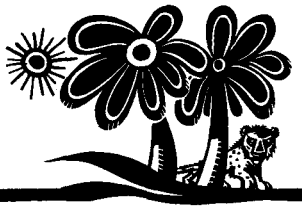

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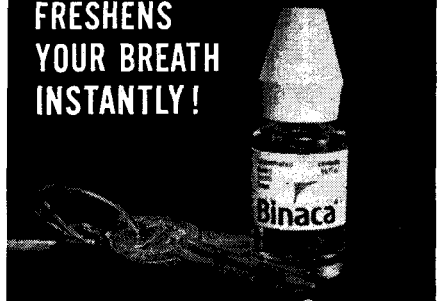

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of water is sweet and unfailing. The Romans never really understood their water supply until not many years ago the plans were found in the monastery of Monte Cassino. Of all Rome's antiquities, these functional little fountains rank with me as quite the finest."

The morning's walk ended on Quirinal Hill, graced with a pyramid, Periclean horses, and the tangerine-tinted Presidential palace. West rates the piazza as the loveliest in Rome. "This square represents the third element in the Roman equation, the secular state. The palazzo was once the residence of the popes. When the Republic was proclaimed, Pope Pius IX was evicted and became the first 'prisoner of the Vatican.' While they have continued to cooperate, the division of church and state is complete. Italy has a multiparty system with close to a hundred political factions on the ballot. The Communist Party is the largest in Western Europe. In a real sense, it is a necessary party of protest. By its powerful intervention, it is a factor in social reform. No one will risk social repression in face of the Communists' strength. But this is balanced, as is everything Italian, by the three other elements I've mentioned—the people, the antiquities, the church. There are too many antibodies—historical, religious, psychological — in the Roman blood. The infection of collectivism finds a poor host here."

The flag of Italy flapped above the President's palace; sentries guarded the gate; children playing in the piazza gabbled in Italian. "One flag, one army, one language," West said, "these convey the impression that the unification of Italy is accomplished. It isn't. For centuries Italy was a collection of city-states divided by geography, history, race, and language. It is still so divided psychologically. Italian is a common language imposed by education, but every Italian remains rooted in his own province. My major-domo, for instance, is a Sardo or Sardinian. He speaks not Italian but a mixture of Phoenician, Arabic, Spanish, Calabrian, Sicilian, and Mesapotamian, tinged with a touch of Greek and a Jewish dialect called Ladino. Italy may be achieving an evolutionary unity, but it's far from complete."

Visible in the morning sun were three pivots of Italian power—to the south Rome's city hall on Capitoline Hill, to the west St. Peter's, to the north the Parliament. "Like all Roman life, politics is marked by wheeling and dealing in gray areas. Tension among political groups produces the same kind of checks and balances inherent in the American system. Oddly, the large number of parties may provide a defense against the kind of third-party totalitarianism the recent American election revealed as possible in a two-party system. Romans rather prove, politically, the Tilhardian Theory: 'The animal that, like man, survives is that which is least perfectly adapted to its environment.'"

At the suggestion that we eat lunch in one of Rome's *osterias*, West backed off. "When you live here as long as I have, you become bored to indigestion by Roman cooking. For good Italian food I go abroad where the best is assembled from all the provinces. The majority of Roman chefs learned their cookery from mama and never improved on her lessons. They're the worst cooks in Italy. For years, I grasped like a drowning man at a straw at every new *trattoria* that promised to provide provincial fare. Inevitably, with the lapse of time they all became Roman because Rome, which swallowed all her invaders, has a cast-iron stomach and an uncritical palate."

We compromised on the Scoglio di Frisio at 256 Via Merulana near Santa Maria Maggiore. Augusto Rossi, our melancholy host, fixed cocktails from a recipe filched from the Alitalia Airlines—vodka, a dash of dry vermouth, a drop of angostura, chilled in cracked ice. He then produced a *spaghetti co' le vongola veraci* which West pronounced acceptable. "You see, the proprietor is Palestinian. The chef is Neapolitan. And the shellfish, believe me, was never touched by the Tiber!"

We dealt with the fourth factor in Roman life, the church, in two sessions —one at the Catacombs of St. Calixtus near his home in the Villa Quarto Miglio, the other at the Vatican. Next morning, Bus 118 left the Colosseum early, tore into the Roman traffic with its horn, exited through the San Sebastian Gate, and charged down the Appia Attica. It stopped 8,000 paces, or four Roman miles, from the city walls beside a vineyard where Coriolanus once fought and where Morris West, his wife, and four children now live in a remodeled villa, guarded by Rollo a stray dog, part setter, part retriever. ("Like a true Roman," said West, "mixed up.")

We walked along the Appian Way to the Catacombs. Cypress trees, the stones of ancient temples, and garbage lined the road.

At the Catacombs we descended deep into the tufa, the friable rock which still provides brick for Roman buildings. West led the way to an obscure cave where his family frequently comes to celebrate Mass. "This is where Christianity becomes meaningful to my children. They react strongly, more so than in the most magnificent cathedral. For here where we stand is the

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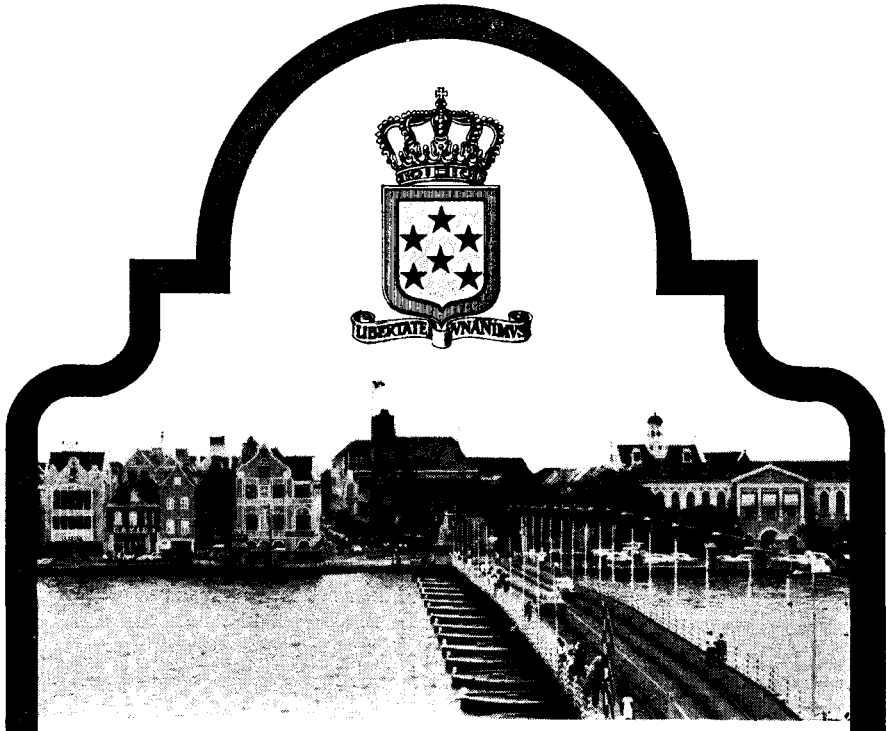
beginning of Christianity before it became an organized state religion under Constantine. It is not in the Renaissant splendor of St. Peter's, filled with the self-glorifying monuments of the great that one finds the essence of Christianity. It is here in this crypt. This is where the continuity of Christianity began—the simple church, the church of the martyrs, of the humble, the church born in the promise of the second coming of Christ."

We walked by lamplight through the labyrinths of the dead, West explained that burial within the city walls was forbidden by the early Romans. "Christians and Jews found sanctuary in the fields outside, driving 11 miles of tunnels into the tufa, carving out niches for the corpses, sealing the tombs with marble slabs, long since destroyed by vandals. Buried here are eight early popes, of whom five were martyrs, and 100,000 of the six million believers who populated the fifty catacombs encircling Rome."

Opposite the Catacombs, across the Via Appia, the Ristorante Cecilia Metella served an alfresco lunch—*abbacchio*, lamb lightly seasoned with salt, pepper, and oil and grilled over the ashes of green oak. We had a dry white *Frascati* wine. Morris called the meal, "coarse Roman feeding at its best," but softened his censure by saying that "when Roman lamb and chicken are uncontaminated with rosemary and other herbs to which the Roman palate is partial, the natural flavor is hard to beat. And I can't complain about the *pane casareccio*, the cottage bread baked in big loaves." Lunch ended with *sambucas*—a white liqueur made from fennel, tasting like anisette, and served with coffee beans. West said the beans are called *mosche*, flies, and are always uneven in number. "Two, four, or six beans would be bad luck."

Next morning at St. Peter's we had an audience with Pope Paul. We arrived early and sat in gilt and red-velvet covered chairs. Several hundred people — priests, nuns, laiety from many lands—filled the cupola of Michelangelo, facing and flanking the *baldacchino* of Bernini with its four enormous twisted columns. West was reminded of the story about the niece of Pope Urban VIII who presented the columns to St. Peter's in gratitude for a successful childbirth. "Nine sides of the plinths are decorated with female faces symbolizing the months of pregnancy, a tenth is embellished with the likeness of a newborn babe."

The contrast between the simplicity of St. Calixtus and the grand scale of St. Peter's could not have been more striking. "One must remember that the popes, princes, and cardinals whose effigies are plastered in Rome's basili-



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cas were men of their time to whom monuments were promises of atavistic immortality. Remember too the Roman saying: 'For others the church is the House of God, for us it is the House of the Father.' Despite the marble, silk, and gold, despite the age-old superstition which attaches to the veneration of popes and saints, despite Roman cynicism, you find a constant awareness in Roman beings of essential goodness. At whatever time of the day you go down into the crypt below that gaudy canopy, you will find simple people praying by the tomb of the Good Pope John. This great church, for all its artistic distraction, embodies the recognition that among us a good man has passed."

Swiss Guards and ushers in scarlet buskins and knickers escorted late arrivals to their seats. West chuckled. "Pope John was once asked how many people work in the Vatican?" He answered: 'About half.' "

The Pope, a diminutive man in white cap and cassock, took his place amid the throng. He greeted each group individually in its own language; the proceeding was punctuated with laughter and applause. To each he gave his blessing. It was like a group of children, reverent but unawed, enjoying themselves at the feet of their father. The intimacy of the scene seemed to reduce the building's colossal size and erase its embellishment.

After the audience, we walked to a café on the sunny side of the Via della Conciliazione and sipped *camparis*. West has come out publicly against the Pope's document on the pill. "I am also on record as saying I will not join a schism because I believe that the ultimate unity of Christians will be achieved by charity and not by law."

He gestured toward the Vatican. "This headquarters of the twentieth-century Catholic church, like all the world, is in a state of tension. It is engaged in a tremendous struggle to put its house in order, to deal with challenges to traditional authority, to define the limits of outmoded laws. Clergy old and young are gripped by a speculative spirit. They are torn with a yearning for reform, while preserving the church's essential Christianity and not throwing the body out with the bathwater. To me, a devout Catholic albeit a very critical one, this tension is a witness to the creative spirit of God and of man."

—ARTHUR GOODFRIEND.

Arthur Goodfriend, former journalist and foreign service official and widely published author, recently visited some leading artistic and literary figures in Europe. This is one of a series of reports he is writing on their impressions.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

A Message About Messages

A TELEVISION AUDIENCE watching a public affairs program—news, documentary, or discussion—is like a computer: to react the way it should, it requires not only information but also instructions telling it what to do with the information. The information level involves merely content; the command level comprises relationships. If the public affairs program delivers content only and fails to illuminate relationships, it is unsuccessful communication. Also, most of television's documentary and news shows may be classified thus. A case in point—a program that could have risen above the common fault—was *Vietnam Peace Talks: A View from the Other Side*, a recent production of National Educational Television's Special Projects Unit under the guidance of Ned Schnurman.

The sixty-minute program featured an interview in Stockholm with Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, deputy leader of the Vietcong delegation to the Paris peace talks—a coup that no commercial network has been able to accomplish. Members of the unit could have been forgiven visions of an international scoop when they hurriedly took off for Paris and Stockholm after the lady diplomat (now Foreign Minister in the Vietcong's new, provisional revolutionary government of South Vietnam) had indicated initial consent to the interview. The result, unfortunately, was as unrewarding (save for a close-up of the dramatic feminine figure) as a typical Sunday afternoon "Don't Face the Issues" program. Madame Binh's answers to prescribed questions asked by correspondent Robert MacNeil were carefully guarded and generally impenetrable. She said little that was new about President Nixon's, or the Vietcong's, peace proposals, or about troop withdrawals, elections, coalition governments, and reprisals.

In Washington, Paul Niven, NET's anchorman, tried manfully to evoke significant comment from a panel consisting of Averell Harriman, Senator Edmund Muskie, and Bui Diem, South Vietnamese Ambassador to the United States. But the panelists were characteristically uncommunicative, either using the program for their own propaganda or veiling their true thoughts behind political necessity. Niven succeeded only in raising and not resolving the question: Was she or was she not flexible, please, gentlemen? Only Mr. Harriman offered mildly uninhibited comments—solely because he no longer wears official silks—and even he concluded that peace negotiators, tiptoeing delicately, cannot afford to be candid on television—they can only propagandize while accusing "the other side" of propagandizing.

Viewers, like a computer, were fed data, but they were frustrated because the programmers sent no message telling them what to do with the data. It is commonly believed that television gives information and that viewers make up their own minds. This is naïve; meaning is never evoked except in some context. Had Niven been instructed to challenge his guests, on camera, for their unwillingness to say anything significant, he might have provoked them to more meaningful communication. Had his challenge failed, he might have commented on that failure at the end of the program. Thus, he would have illuminated relationships beyond content—those between journalists and politicians, as well as between producers and audiences.

NET could have said to the viewers, in retrospect: "Well, we gambled—and lost. It would have been sensational if the lady in Stockholm had made some important announcement: but diplomats use television, just as television uses them—all for you, of course. Even if we had been more brutal in our demands, at the risk of alienating their future cooperation, they probably would have finessed us anyway. That's the name of the game—Telepolitics." That would have been metacommunication—communication about communication or a message about messages.

The Special Projects Unit might give this suggestion consideration. Since the first of the year, under a joint grant by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and the Ford Foundation, this alert, energetic group worked with small budgets to produce two dozen penetrating studies pegged to important breaks in national and international news. The unit fills an important gap in public affairs—the middle range between daily newscasts and long-range documentaries. If the group added the dimension of metacommunication, it could produce television's first metadocumentaries — on metaNET, naturally.

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An essay review of "Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane," by John Unterecker (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 787 pp., $15)

Poet Stranded on a Bridge

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

The life of Harold Hart Crane was a tragedy of physical restlessness and psychical rootlessness. It began in Garrettsville, Ohio, in 1899 and ended a little less than thirty-three years later in the Gulf of Mexico.

His was a miserable upbringing. There were endlessly bitter quarrels between his father, a commonplace but good-hearted businessman, and his neurotic, sex-loathing, self-pitying mother, who transferred any affection she had for her husband to her only child, with an insatiable demand for his undivided love. Not until he was almost thirty was Crane able to free himself from his mother's possessiveness, and never could he get rid of a sense of guilt for trying to do so.

His feeling for his father was ambivalent; he hated the elder Crane's provincialism and envied his security, refused to take part in his business ventures yet in every crisis—and Hart Crane's life was a series of crises—depended on him not only for sympathy but for financial support.

Having a gifted son did little to keep the parents together. They remained legally and lamentably married for almost twenty years, but their accumulating differences led to the inevitable divorce, with an aftermath of recriminations that thwarted sporadic attempts at reconciliation.

A reluctant worker at everything except poetry, Crane never finished high school. He was sure of his career as one of the privileged if erratic elect, one who expected and had a right to expect that someone would always be ready to take care of him. In his early years he was considered sweet but "strange." At three he collected hats discarded by female relatives and loved to trim millinery. His lifelong ailments, real and fancied, were with him from childhood: inexplicable attacks of nausea, fevers, psychosomatic seizures that were diagnosed as "fits" of a high-strung child. In his teens there were other indications of abnormal responses. Smells became fetishes. A school friend remembered that sweat excited him as much as cologne. Once he brought a pair of the servant's oldest shoes into the room where he was entertaining his visitor. "He sniffed long and lovingly at the broken-down, sweat-stained leather. 'These inspire me,' he said, and plunged into the labors of composition."

Crane was a manic-depressive from the beginning, alternately exuberant and morose. John Unterecker, his latest biographer, denies that Crane nourished a death-wish, but throughout his life he contemplated suicide. Whether driven by his parents' constant quarreling or his own mysterious compulsion, even in his teens he twice attempted to take his own life, once by slashing his wrists and once by taking an overdose of his mother's sleep-inducing powders. His youthful poems read like a prettified pastiche of the more morbid decadents; he extolled Wilde's "exoticism and richness." The adolescent Midwesterner yearned for the liberating literary life reflected in *The Pagan* and other Greenwich Village publications.

At seventeen, after his parents' separation, he was in New York, at the peak of excitement, so gregarious and garrulous that acquaintances had to lock their doors against him. The prodigy threatened to become a pest. He made a pretense of preparing to enter Columbia but, refusing to work or study, abandoned the pretext and insisted that his father finance him while he made a name for himself as a poet. One

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, poet and anthologist, is the author of *The Pursuit of Poetry*, scheduled for publication in October.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

27 **"Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane,"** by John Unterecker

29 **Book Forum:** Letters from Readers

30 **"Man and the Computer: Technology as an Agent of Social Change,"** by John Diebold

31 **"Russia's Road from Peace to War: Soviet Foreign Relations, 1917-1941,"** by Louis Fischer

32 **"J. Ross Browne: Letters, Journals, Writings,"** edited by Lina Ferguson Browne

39 **"Awakening from History,"** by Edmond Taylor

40 **"The Cotton-Pickers,"** by B. Traven (Fiction)

40 **"Bring Me to the Banqueting House,"** by Sol Biderman (Fiction)

41 **"Siege,"** by Edwin Corley (Fiction)

42 **Books for Young People,** by Zena Sutherland

44 **"Natural History,"** by Constance Urdang (Fiction)

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or two poems were published in little magazines, but nothing more was accomplished and he returned to Ohio.

His father saw to it that there were jobs available, jobs that Crane grudgingly accepted and gleefully quit. He was in and out of a munitions plant within a month; he was a riveter in a shipyard for three weeks and a cub reporter on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* for almost two months. He was hired by an advertising firm in New York and spent three months of "tiresome and unprofitable work"; then back to Ohio, where he let himself be employed in one of his father's stores in Akron. He sold boxes of Crane's Chocolates and, behind the counter, read Pound, Eliot, and *The Little Review*.

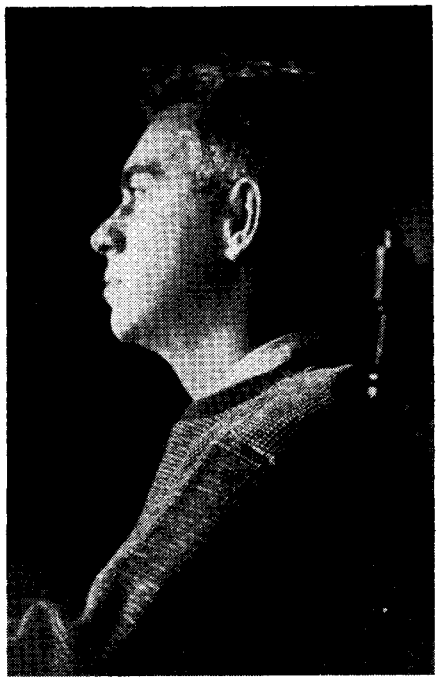
It was in Akron that Crane had his first serious homosexual affair. His life, he wrote Gorham Munson, had become "quite barbarous. . . . The affair that I have been having has been the most intense and satisfactory one of my whole life. I have never had devotion returned before like this, nor ever found soul, mind, and body so worthy of devotion. Probably I never shall again." It was a sentiment that, almost in the same words, Crane would utter again and again.

Crane had been writing ever since high school. In his twenty-first year he made his debut as a professional poet when *The Dial* published and paid him $10 for "My Grandmother's Love Letters." The poem carries faint echoes of Wallace Stevens, one of Crane's abiding enthusiasms, but Crane's own accents come through in a summoning of vague associations and a sensitive mingling of assonances ("enough-roof-soft") and pure rhyme:

> Over the greatness of such space
> Steps must be gentle.
> It is all hung by an invisible white hair.
> It trembles as birch limbs webbing the air.

"What I want to get," wrote Crane, "is an 'interior' form, a form that is so thorough and intense as to dye the words themselves with a peculiarity of meaning, slightly different maybe from the ordinary definitions of them." This he hoped to accomplish by suggestibility stretched to its limits, by a purposeful derangement of the senses like Rimbaud's, and by what he called the "logic of metaphor."

The intensity was spurred on most often by bouts of alcohol, mad sprees, and erotic experiences with picked-up boys whom he endowed with "the soul of Pierrot" and men whom he glorified as "Phoebus Apollo." "Never have I suffered so, or reached such moods of ecstasy" became a refrain repeated with variations after nights of "incarnate" love. The ecstatic nights were usually followed by gloomy days, made gloomier when he became the victim of blackmailers. It has been contended that Crane liked both to dramatize and to mock his homosexual adventures, such as his efforts to "educate" truck-drivers in the combined mysteries of love and literature; but he confessed he was "stalked by lust. . . . After all, that and poetry are the only things life holds for me."



Hart Crane—"a doggedly affirmative and romantic spirit in a negative and unromantic time."

Meanwhile there were the poems, especially the rapt memorial "Praise for an Urn," a brilliant union of paradoxes, and "Faustus and Helen," a modernization of the classic tale in which Crane placed Helen in the contemporary setting of a street car, "the Dionysian revels of her court and her seduction transferred to a metropolitan roof garden with a jazz orchestra, and the *katharsis* of the fall of Troy approximated in the recent World War." More ambitious was, at twenty-three, the beginning of "The Bridge," that composite of salvaged fragments, headlong images, whirling rhetoric and powerful hallucinatory phrases, a flawed semi-epic which Crane thought of as "the mystical synthesis of America."

The rest of his life was a series of unhappy encounters in New York, London, Paris, Marseilles, Mexico—attempted escapes from himself and his mother, which began with joyful orgies and always ended in humiliating failure. He made friends quickly and, when they tired of his demands, dependences, and unbridled rages, turned against them. His excesses were such that more than once he was found dead drunk in a gutter, put to bed, and nursed through a hangover, after which he repaid the hospitality by breaking his host's furniture. Even when sober there were displays of childishness. When, as editor of *The Dial*, Marianne Moore published "The Wine Menagerie" with a few changes to which he had agreed, Crane was outraged, worked himself into a depression, threw himself on the bed and sobbed himself to sleep. When Miss Moore returned his poem "Passage" because it lacked "simplicity and cumulative force" he was less tearful but more resentful, and when Harriet Monroe "mangled" another poem he protested, "How much longer will our markets be in the grip of two hysterical virgins!"

For a while it seemed that his creative and financial troubles were over; he received a subsidy from Otto Kahn of $1,000, plus an additional $1,000 to be paid when the initial "loan" ran out. But it did not take Crane long to run through the money in drink and dissipation. There were sordid liaisons with sailors; brawls in which Crane was frequently beaten up, and rampages that landed him in jail. His irrational behavior grew worse. Once, when he found that he could not type a letter in Spanish, he hurled the typewriter out the window. When, after his grandmother's death, his mother held up the distribution of his inheritance, he told everyone that she had cheated him, and threatened to sue her. "My mother has made it impossible for me to live in my own country," he said, ran away to Europe, and adjured his friends to keep his whereabouts secret, particularly from her.

In Europe there were more parties, more drinking, and more sailors. There was also a chimney sweep who left black footprints and handprints on the pink bedspread, pale curtains, and white chenille rug of one of his hosts. He wore his friends out with his disregard of everything except his frenzied megalomania. At thirty-two he was back with his father in Ohio, where again he did odd jobs at one of his father's candy stores and seemed "normal." But it did not last. A Guggenheim fellowship gave him an excuse to go to Mexico, where he became drunker and more disorderly than ever. For two weeks he was housed by Katherine Anne Porter. "I tried to take care of him," she related, "but he was doomed, I think. . . . He said once that the life he lived was blunting his sensibilities, that he was no longer capable of feeling anything except under the most violent and brutal shocks. . . . Later, drunk, he would weep and shout, shaking his fist, 'I am Baudelaire, I am Whitman, I am Christopher Marlowe, I

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am Christ,' but never once did I hear him say he was Hart Crane. He talked of suicide almost every day."

He was now sure that he was being cheated, scorned, and betrayed by everyone; his self-pity began to turn to paranoia. In the midst of his deepest dejection there occurred what seemed a salvation. Peggy Cowley was in Mexico arranging for a divorce from Malcolm Cowley, and she not only befriended him but broke through his homosexuality. Finding that he could make heterosexual love, Crane exulted that she had given a meaning to his life and a wholeness to his body. She, on her part, found it hard to keep up with his fierce tempo, "drinking, writing, making love, and enjoying himself. It was like living with an erupting volcano." Thanks to her, one of the eruptions resulted in "The Broken Tower," which is among Crane's most strictly controlled, most impeccably (and traditionally) rhymed, and most impassioned poems.

There was talk of marriage after Peggy got her divorce. But Crane could not free himself from the patterns that held him prisoner. Nothing in him could adjust to the thought of conjugal life. He resented Peggy's good influence. Quarrels grew into the vilest vituperations. "She thinks she can reform me," he shouted when drunk one night in a restaurant. "I'll show her! Why, God damn her, I'd rather sleep with a man any day than with her!"

He lapsed into his old promiscuities and frenzies. One day when Peggy had two of her friends to dinner, Crane, drunk before breakfast, appeared carrying a razor and Siqueiros's portrait of the poet. Crying "One of Mexico's greatest painters! What a travesty!" he slashed the picture to pieces. Then, rushing from the room, he returned a moment later with a bottle of iodine and announced he would be dead in a couple of hours. The women snatched the bottle away before he could spill more than a few drops on his lips. That the death-wish was more than a melodramatic gesture was proved when, later, after dictating a will that left most of his estate to a sailor, he drank a whole bottle of mercurochrome. A doctor was called, Crane's stomach was pumped, and a dose of morphine was injected. There was an interval of quiet for a few days.

Toward the end of April Crane and Peggy sailed on the *Orizaba* for New York. Crane was drunk when he boarded the ship and stayed drunk until the morning of April 27, 1932. Shortly before noon, still in his pajamas, he appeared before Peggy and said, "I'm not going to make it, dear . . . Goodbye." Peggy, used to such speeches, made nothing of the remark.

(*Continued on page* 39)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

So That's What's Wrong with America?

WHERE DID YOU GET THIS *yuld* to review my book *The Right Time* [*SR*, July 5]? Mr. Robert J. Milch is echoing the criticism I have received from other members of the Jewish literary Mafia: Solotaroff, Roth, Mailer and Fiedler. "Golden sells lots of books, therefore there must be something wrong with the society." Milch was not reviewing my autobiography, he was reading from the criticism of Solotaroff, Roth, Mailer and Fiedler.

"Most certainly Harry Golden's name will never appear in any history of literature," says Milch. But on my shelf there are twenty-six published anthologies which include my pieces and are read and studied in the universities of America.

"The real source of my discontent is not Golden himself but the society that has encouraged his outpourings . . ." At last we have the answer. It's not Vietnam, it's not ABM, it's not population explosion, it's not pollution, it's not Jim Eastland or Strom Thurmond, or race, but me, that's what's wrong with America. All you have to do is stop my writing and Mr. Milch will be at ease with himself.

The Jewish literary Mafia is merely jealous, that's all. It's as simple as that.

HARRY GOLDEN,
Charlotte, N.C.

Good Gray Blaze of Color

IN HIS REVIEW OF *The Kingdom and the Power* [*SR*, June 14] Richard L. Tobin drags in that moldy cliché "the good gray dull old paper" to identify *The New York Times*. He must be singularly limited in his familiarity with newspapers. *The Times* is the most undull of daily journals and no grayer than most of them if you can get along without cartoons in color on page 1. Most papers, it seems to me, are put together to entertain and amaze a readership that is not too bright. In *their* gray sea, *The Times* is a blaze of color. Can *SR* now junk the "good gray" bit?

CHESTER P. HOLWAY,
Hammond, Ind.

No Surprise

ROBERT EMMET LONG in *SR*, June 21, finds "one major surprise" in William Gibson's edition of *Mark Twain's Mysterious Stranger Manuscripts*: that Mark Twain never finished his work on the book, leaving it "in several, separate, incoherent fragments," and that the edition of 1916 was "an editorial fraud."

I am afraid only Professor Long will be surprised, as all these matters have been common knowledge for some time. Professor Long seems to echo Bernard De Voto's brilliant but now out-of-date essay on *The Mysterious Stranger*, "The Symbols of Despair," and he has apparently read nothing that has been published on the subject since, not even the two highly relevant books by John S. Tuckey. I do not think this will tend to increase the confidence of readers in his opinions concerning the value (or lack of value) in the MLA editions.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT,
West Newton, Mass.

Urbanely Literate

REGINALD DENHAM'S ESSAY REVIEW of Margaret Webster's autobiography *The Same Only Different* (SR, May 24) was the best and most urbanely literate armchair survey of a book and its sources and environment by a perceptively fresh participant (which, consequently, necessarily involved a point of personal view) I have been happy and fortunate to read in a damn long time.

EDWARD MYCUE,
Berlin, Germany

"Sorry, your aptitude tests indicate you'd be too intelligent to stay with us long."

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Age of Technology

MAN AND THE COMPUTER: Technology as an Agent of Social Change

by John Diebold
Praeger, 157 pp., $5.95

AS A SUPERSUCCESSFUL, Harvard-educated management consultant and investment counselor, John Diebold is obviously a splendid choice as a speaker for college convocations, alumni meetings, and economics clubs. On these occasions he praises the élite managers of the world's foremost industrial and military power, elevates them with learned quotations from Alfred North Whitehead and Julian Huxley, and exhorts them to attain new heights of managerial efficiency. Charmed by these edifying discourses, his listeners clamor for their preservation in a book, to bring Diebold's wisdom to a wider public.

Some such process doubtless explains the genesis of *Man and the Computer*, a collection of four edited Diebold speeches and an article. The book will disappoint readers attracted by the title. Diebold skims lightly over his professed subject with some superficial comments on computer marvels, present and future. A few crisp ideas stand out like cactus plants in a desert of profound banalities ("human desires shape the opportunities that spawn enterprise . . .") and pompous pieties ("we must now bring to bear all the wisdom, all the morality, and all the nobility we can muster.").

In by far the best chapter Diebold proposes the international corporation as the optimal way to stir sluggish European economies and, ultimately, the world's backward rural economies into emulating the dynamic U.S. (or Japanese) model, thereby righting the "lopsided world." In a chapter on "Educational Technology and Business Responsibility" he predicts that computer-student dialogues, computer-controlled graphic displays, and the developing biochemical knowledge of the learning process will, within the next decade, "alter totally the future processes of education." For "continual assessment of the human consequences of technological change," Diebold suggests creation of a large study institute (doubtless with plenty of fat research contracts).

What makes this book interesting, despite its anemic tone and style, is its unconscious self-portrait of the Smooth Right—the suave technocrats flooding the ranks of the Power Elite. The Smooth Right has outgrown the primitive tribalism and xenophobia of the Old Right. But, like the Old Right, it clearly sees the mote in Labor's eye while ignoring the beam in Industry's eye. "Neither society nor the workers directly involved are helped by featherbedding . . ." says Diebold. (Try telling a construction worker who is paid $12,000 a year for performing some useless, obsolete job that he is not helped by featherbedding.) But the federally sponsored supersonic jet transport program, which has already cost U.S. taxpayers nearly $1 billion to subsidize a socially worthless technological luxury for the aerospace industry and the global jet set, is a "fusion of private and national interests."

Our real featherbedding problem is the colossal Defense Department socialism, exploited by the aerospace and arms industries that gorge themselves at the public trough while brazenly buying influence with the Pentagon. As demonstrated in the recent reports by Senator William Proxmire and others, U.S. war production is evolving into a huge industrial welfare program, and its beneficiaries show little interest in adapting their technical knowledge to the domestic economy, exposed as it is to the rigors of the free market. Under Pentagon contracting procedures, competitive bidding on war production contracts is gradually disappearing; a company's war business volume varies almost directly with the number of high-ranking retired officers hired. Financial risks are assumed by the taxpayers; inefficiency is rewarded with extra payments. War industry profits are further bloated with donations of government land, buildings and machinery, high depreciation allowances, and interest-free government loans (euphemistically called "progress payments"). "The technologically based interaction between private enterprise and government has assumed the most fateful and subtle implications," says Diebold, daintily dipping a literary toe into these cold, troubled waters.

Diebold and other contemporary technocrats ostensibly see nothing wrong with the U.S. that can't be cured by more ingenious, efficient use of technology. They don't seem to recognize the need for a radical redistribution of power—from the military-industrial alliance, from huge corporations with their oil-imports quota rackets and their myriad tax-dodging schemes, toward those who pay the heaviest price for technological progress: the desperate Negroes and other minorities crowded into our decaying central cities.

The computer can't right the injustice of a political system that pays Senator James O. Eastland $150,000 a year for not growing cotton in a racist-run state which ignores mass malnutrition and even starvation among the Negro poor. It can't repeal a corrupt military draft law that allows the son of our superhawk Defense Secretary, Melvin R. Laird, to stay safe at home in college while less fortunate boys die in Vietnam. Technological power associated with Bronze Age morality is cause for alarm, not hope. The technocrats' bland faith in the beneficence of American technology evokes two lines from T. S. Eliot's "The Hollow Men":

> There are no eyes here
> In this valley of dying stars.

C. W. Griffin, Jr.

C. W. Griffin, Jr., is a licensed professional engineer and planner and a freelance writer on technical subjects.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ANAGRAMMATIC

Column One is a list of authors (with their names anagrammatized), Column Two a list of their title characters (likewise). Robert Kohn of Yellow Springs, Ohio, expects you to disentangle the names (disregarding punctuation) and bring the proper pairs together. Hint: in Column Two there are two plays, four poems, and four works of prose fiction. The giveaway is on page 66.

1. OMAR ST. DENDOND ( )
2. NAYLOR FENSTEND ( )
3. PRESTON I. HAAS ( )
4. LEON LARDAPAGE ( )
5. ROGER GAUER MUDIE ( )
6. SAXE RALPHE NUDNIK ( )
7. GERTE OLIGEO ( )
8. LAVERNE L. HIMMEL ( )
9. MORRIS LOCH PHEETRY ( )
10. IVOR ALOIS TOCODO ( )

a. ROBIN BEETPEST
b. ERNIE C. BOONET
c. ABNER CARY DE GRECO
d. CREON HANDE
e. RENE LAMAT
f. LYOF YETTIK
g. E. EGEO GUNNENI
h. RAOUL OF SORDINO
i. MILES SARRAN
j. SARA Y. STILT

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USSR

RUSSIA'S ROAD FROM PEACE TO WAR: Soviet Foreign Relations, 1917-1941

by Louis Fischer
Harper & Row, 499 pp., $12.50

LOUIS FISCHER, A TOP-NOTCH JOURNALIST for nearly fifty years (including fourteen in Russia) and author of more than twenty books, has been biting the hard granite of scholarship. His latest volume, produced at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, is replete with footnotes, references to arcane sources, and comparisons of different versions of documents. Mr. Fischer is obviously enjoying his detective work, and his defection from the real world into the dingy groves of academe is not as alarming as it sounds. His account of Soviet foreign policy between the two wars—as usual, peppered with sometimes irreverent and brash *bons mots*—is full of "When I saw Litvinov" and "The ambassador let me copy his file." He has consulted unpublished documents in various foreign capitals; he has taken good advantage of the Trotsky papers at Harvard, and he has interviewed some survivors who had escaped the attention of younger scholars.

When all is said and done (and it took quite some saying and doing), Mr. Fischer does not have much to tell us that hasn't been said before, but he tells it very well. Here is the familiar bafflement of the Bolsheviks when, after seizing power, they debate the eternal "What is to be done?" Here is Lenin the realist, prepared to make sacrifices and deals in order to survive and gain time. Here are fine vignettes of Georgi Chicherin, the aristocrat-commissar of the Twenties, and Karl Radek, the *enfant terrible* of Soviet politics. Here are Stalin and Trotsky fighting it out on any issue—including, in 1926-27, the prospects of the Chinese revolution. And here is the frustrating story of international failure to see the threat of Hitler and, having seen it at last, to act in concert to avert war and aggression—a failure that became another race between Soviet and Western misjudgments. Thus Mr. Fischer, increasingly fascinated by the story, works his way through the Nazi-Soviet Pact down to the German invasion of Russia in June 1941, which made the Soviet Union the involuntary ally of Britain and, soon, of the United States.

Others have been there before. George Kennan, also at the Princeton Institute, dealt with the same period in his *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin* a few years ago. More recently, Professor Adam Ulam went over the ground as part of his *Expansion and Coexistence*. And Louis Fischer himself has covered some of this period, *e.g.*, in his *Soviets in World Affairs*, where he gave Moscow the benefit of some doubts, and in *Men and Politics*, where he didn't.

On many points they and other students of Soviet policy would readily agree: for instance, the general but imperfect learning process that accompanied the development of utopian projects; the subordination of world revolutionary objectives to Soviet *raison d'état* (as defined in Moscow); the persistent blind spots in Russia's view of the outside world; the pervasive role during the 1930s of Joseph Stalin, who was not insane but obviously pathological in many critical ways.

They would also agree on the implicit indictment of Western policy. The halfhearted intervention in Russia in 1918-20 prefigures other instances of American inability to resist the urge to oust a communist régime, clashing with inability or unwillingness to commit the forces required for it, and leading eventually to a withdrawal, as Washington learns (invariably at a price) to compromise with the inevitable, and discovers that it can still survive.

If Mr. Kennan takes a somewhat harder but clearer line, and Mr. Ulam has a more sustained set of hypotheses, Mr. Fischer makes a sounder and more balanced estimate of Stalin's motives in the 1930s than many others have done. He resists the fashionable theory that Stalin's attempts at Soviet-Western cooperation were all sham while he was secretly trying to strike a deal with Hitler. This business of seeking the antecedents of the Nazi-Soviet Pact is of course a trap that can lead to infinite digression. Mr. Fischer has no new answers to such questions as how Maxim Litvinov survived at a time when everybody who differed with Stalin (and many who did not) was a poor actuarian risk, or how late Britain and France still had a chance to opt for a binding military alliance with the Soviet Union.

What Mr. Fischer fails to tell us explicitly—and here he is in good company—is what it all means. His experience is a familiar one: he had meant to put between two covers Soviet policy all the way down to the present, but as he sought to make sense of it, he found himself swamped and absorbed by the evidence. Hence the cut-off date of 1941. One hopes that there is a sequel still to come on the later years. It will be more difficult to write, and is more badly needed.

If the author has a general thesis it is, one gathers, that Soviet Russia was still really pursuing traditional Russian expansionist aims and, whatever Lenin's intentions, soon became a "nationalist" power. It is a view shared by many but open to serious question. In fact, to judge by internal

"We have to leave early—we forgot to put the radio on for the dog."

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evidence, Mr. Fischer himself does not seem sure whether to claim that communism was merely a tool of old Mother Russia or something that genuinely shaped the perception, dictated the priorities, and defined the limits of the possible for Soviet decision-makers.

It is fallacious, albeit customary, to argue that because the targets of Soviet expansion—*e.g.*, Poland, Manchuria, Finland, Iran—were the same as those of tsarist Russia, the motives must have been the same. Geography, after all, does not change, whatever the system of government. Russia could not choose its neighbors. Thus the locus of expansion tells us nothing about the underlying intent.

Similarly, the pursuit of "national interest," which Mr. Fischer winds up crediting Stalin with, is a meaningless term. Either there is some way for us objectively to know a national interest when we see one, and for this neither Mr. Fischer nor anyone else has given us the recipe, or else "national interest" becomes a label gratuitously attached to whatever a government chooses to do under that name. Moreover, the label of "nationalist" seems unsuitable and inadequate when applied to Russia between the wars. To be sure, toward the end Stalin revived tsarist heroes and old Russian symbols, and chauvinistic notes began to reappear in the music of Muscovy. But this hardly does justice to the peculiar mix of internationalist commitments, dictatorial capriciousness, ideological rigidity, improvisation from weakness, bureaucratic politics, and traditional suspiciousness.

Implicit in Mr. Fischer's thorough account is the recognition that Soviet policy was not the implementation of a master plan; that, in fact, to a greater extent than the West was prepared to recognize, it was reactive (at times overreactive, one might say) to events and moves in the outside world. Regrettably, Fischer fails to pursue this insight, as he also fails to prove systematically the cleavages and continuities in foreign policy within the Soviet leadership, the range of options open to it, the mechanics of decision-making, the conflicting assumptions underlying differences over strategy and tactics, or the balance between individuals, states, and the international system as determinants of policy. But that, one must assume, was not part of his purpose. And even without it his study is rich in texture, reliable in facts, and reflects many years of first-hand experience.

Alexander Dallin

Alexander Dallin is Adlai E. Stevenson Professor of International Relations at Columbia University.

Personal History

J. ROSS BROWNE:
Letters, Journals, Writings

edited by Lina Fergusson Browne
University of New Mexico Press, 419 pp., $10.95

J. Ross Browne journeyed to America from Ireland with his father in 1833, when he was thirteen. The adventure of migration, the joy of movement and discovery, seem to have determined the course of his life. If he was formed in Ireland, he took his American stamp from that continent's early restlessness, when its men not only discovered and exploited their own country but ranged to remote places of the world in quest of whales, or trade, or simply adventure. Browne began by visiting great stretches of America. Then he set out on a whaling voyage that yielded a vivid account of old-time shipboard hardships and brutality, as well as whaling lore of the kind Melville would later turn into art.

He was from the first a kind of picaresque traveler; all he needed was a knapsack, his sketchbook, and a flute or a guitar; his principle of the journey was simply that of "rough and tumble." Moreover, he found he could make money wherever he went. He had, however, none of the looseness or rascality of the picaresque hero. He was all rectitude and high-mindedness. His Old World childhood had given him more culture than most American travelers. He wrote narratives of his adventures and caricatured what he saw in vivid sketches. His books were widely read, particularly his *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise* and his account of his Arabian travels, *Yusef*. His writings were plain and unvarnished; he was witty, cheerful, exuberant. He was a salty Irish-American, climber of mountains, investigator of national oddities, full of curiosity and energy. His writings are at once a record of the discomforts of travel, which were numerous, and the delights of observation, which were endless. He visited the four continents and went four times around the world—long before it could be spanned in eighty days, let alone in a matter of hours.

Lina Fergusson Browne has put together this record of the life of her grandfather-in-law in the form of a documentary—unpublished family letters, excerpts from Browne's books and other relevant papers—so that one obtains a good chronological picture of Browne's principal adventures as traveler, employee of the Treasury, correspondent, and even for a brief time envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to China.

Browne's writings belong to an early age of American journalism. Everything is direct, logical, shrewd—and impatient. The Acropolis shows him not the greatness of Greece but the greatness of its fall. And he is on occasion belligerently American, as when he boasts that "true, we go to war now and then ourselves in this nineteenth century, but it is not the chief business of our lives; we do something else that is better. We don't build pyramids and coliseums, but we build railroads." He felt himself full of the blessings of "freedom and civilization," but his concept of civilization was historical and materialistic. He had no sense of the past. He offered, however, ample evidence of stupidity in high places and of the cupidity and greed of his fellow-countrymen, especially in his narrative of his voyage from New York to California on a ship whose captain offered neither comfort nor cleanliness and who starved his passengers. Browne had his moments of pause in his compulsively active life—his discovery, for instance, during a frenetic period of mine-pushing on the London market that "the object of life in England seems to have been to enjoy life—not to make money."

That Browne managed to marry and have a family even while continuing

to roam remains one of the surprises of this book. His wife stayed at home and bore his children while he sailed the seven seas. He was a good husband, even if his letters to his wife protested a little too much that he was not interested in the varieties of femininity he encountered in strange lands.

His records belong more to official "Americana" than to letters, more to the records of Irish-Yankee energy and shrewdness than to those writers who looked but who also meditated. Browne never had time for meditation. He took life on the run and was too prone to judge the world in the light of his American optimism. If he was not an "innocent" abroad, he was innocent of any complexity of being. His travels have historical value in a minor way: greater writers read the deeper lessons of such experiences.

Leon Edel

Biographer Leon Edel has just published the latest installment of his life of Henry James.

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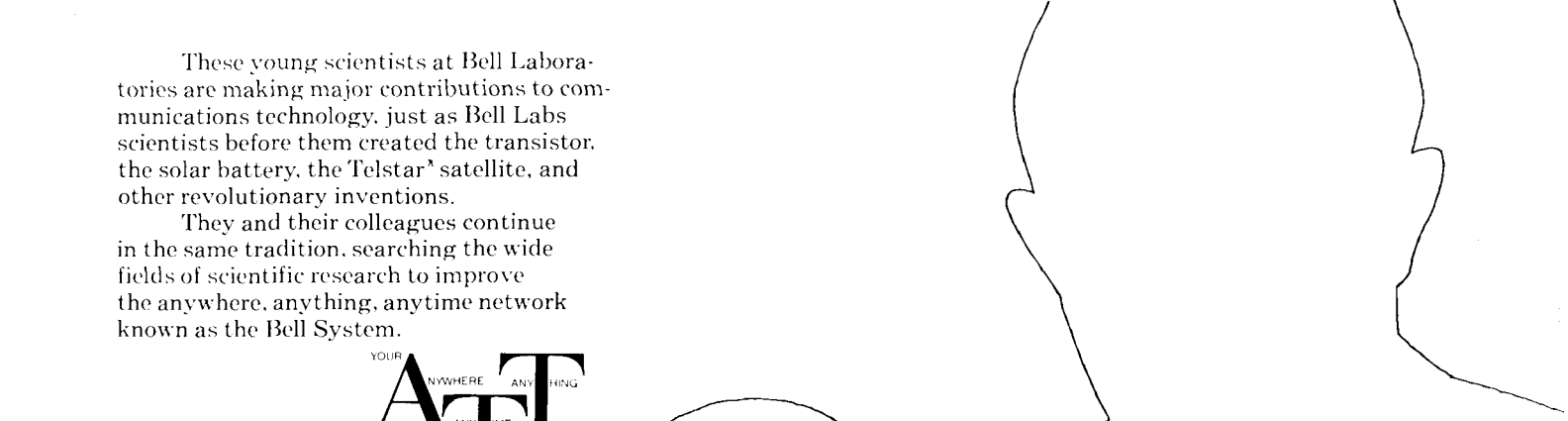
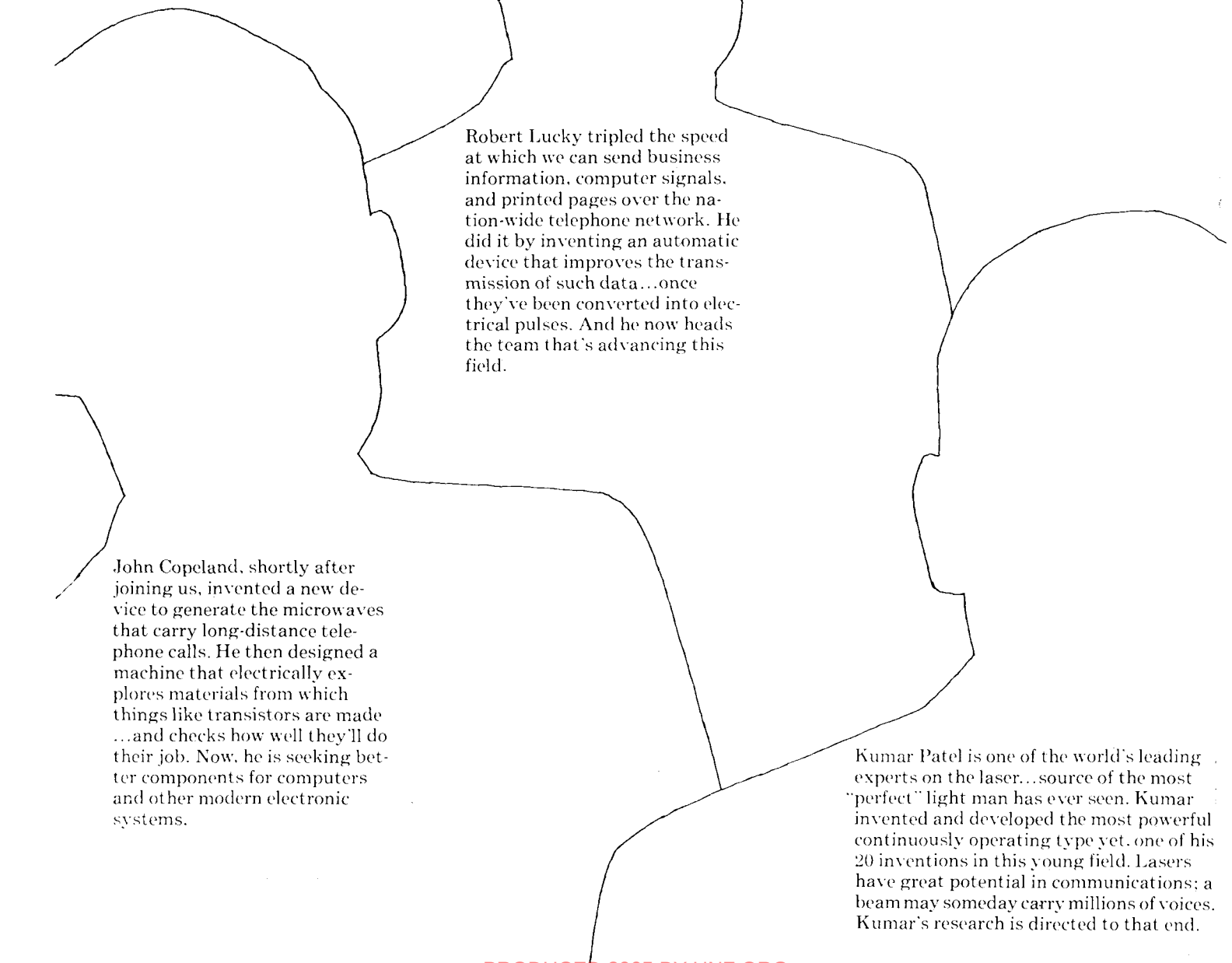


Martin Lepselter solved one of the trickiest problems in microminiaturized electronics - he got rid of the hairfine wires that we once used in making connections to pinhead-sized "integrated circuits." Marty came up with "beam leads" instead. They're small and strong and can be mass produced. He now heads the exploratory semiconductor technology department.



Robert Lucky tripled the speed at which we can send business information, computer signals, and printed pages over the nation-wide telephone network. He did it by inventing an automatic device that improves the transmission of such data...once they've been converted into electrical pulses. And he now heads the team that's advancing this field.

John Copeland, shortly after joining us, invented a new device to generate the microwaves that carry long-distance telephone calls. He then designed a machine that electrically explores materials from which things like transistors are made ...and checks how well they'll do their job. Now, he is seeking better components for computers and other modern electronic systems.

Kumar Patel is one of the world's leading experts on the laser...source of the most "perfect" light man has ever seen. Kumar invented and developed the most powerful continuously operating type yet, one of his 20 inventions in this young field. Lasers have great potential in communications; a beam may someday carry millions of voices. Kumar's research is directed to that end.

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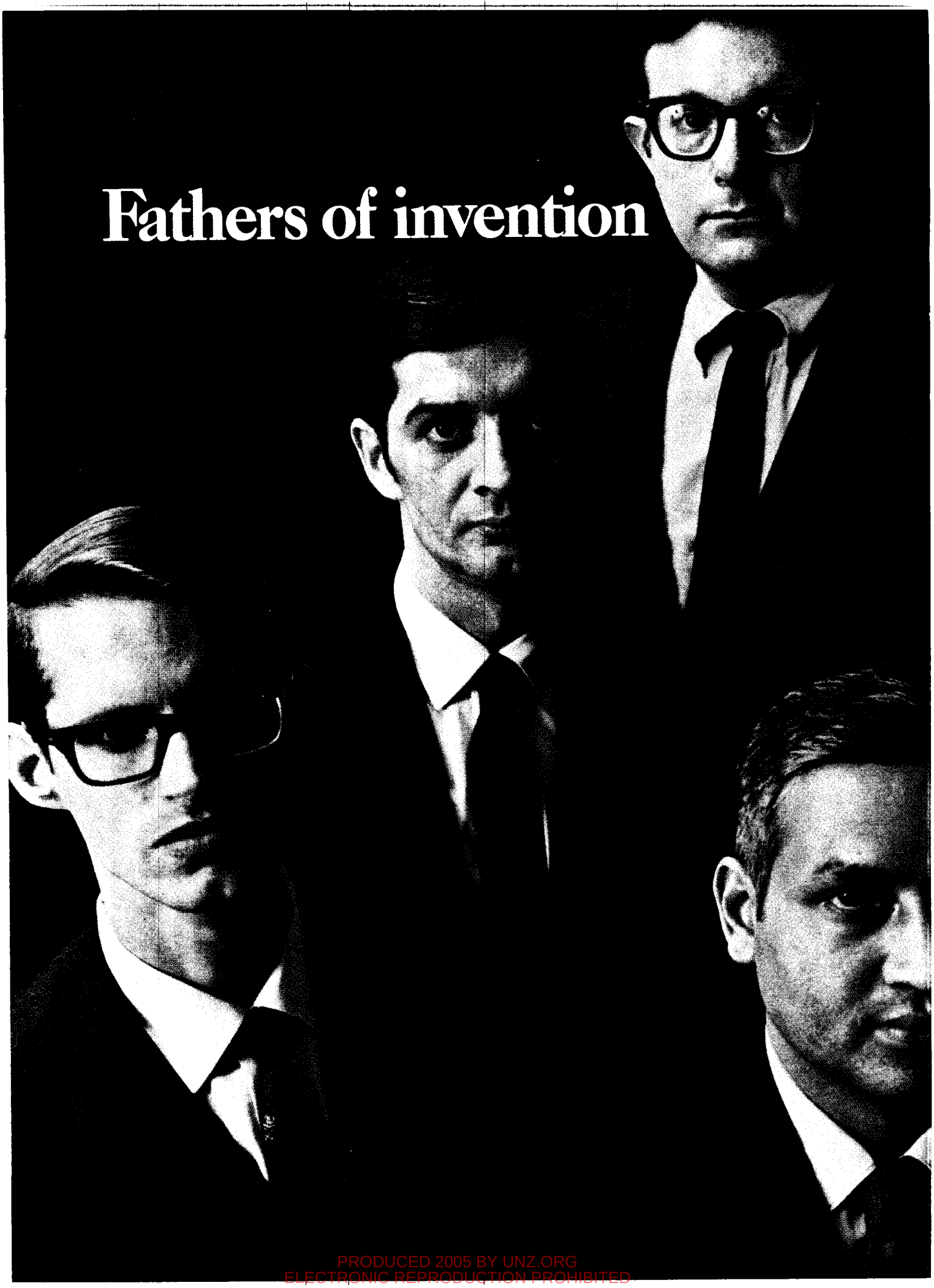
Fathers of invention



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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to Tokyo

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Dublin

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 3, 1970, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 3rd issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Erich Hartmann—Photographer and visual design consultant for major corporations.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1969

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1968, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white or one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1969, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 3, 1970. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1969 *Saturday Review* 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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AWAKENING FROM HISTORY

by Edmond Taylor

Gambit, 522 pp., $8.95

EDMOND TAYLOR, an American newspaperman, his written three previous books—*The Strategy of Terror* (1940), *Richer by Asia* (1947), and *The Fall of the Dynasties* (1963)—which were thoughtful contributions in their day. In *Awakening from History* he has undertaken the task of summarizing his experiences and finding a meaning in them.

His career has been varied. It began more than forty years ago, when he was a foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*, and included wartime service in the OSS, work for UNESCO, the Psychological Strategy Board in Washington, *The Reporter*, and CBS. Mr. Taylor attempts an evaluation of these experiences and their effect on his own intellectual development. "As the reader has no doubt remarked," he concludes in his penultimate paragraph, "one of this book's central themes has been the gradual slowing down of the pendulum of illusion—swinging at first between extremes of unrealistic hope and unjustified despair—to a sane, consistent, and I like to think mature, arc of open-minded skepticism."

Mr. Taylor opens with his youth in St. Louis, where he was born into a primarily French-Catholic family. This chapter, although faintly nostalgic and somewhat romanticized—his imperious and bullying grandfather is straight out of *Life with Father*—, is written with beauty and grace. It is a sad reminder of an America now forever lost. Most of the rest of the book deals with international crises, mainly European, which Taylor began to record in 1930, when he went to work for the Chicago *Tribune* in Paris. It was a period of accelerating upheavals leading to catastrophe. Taylor reports on the calamitous rise of Hitler (in whom he did not at first see a menace), the shocking instability and corruption of the French Republic, the brutal Spanish Civil War, and, of course, World War II, particularly his own service in India. These chapters, standing by themselves, have freshness and are useful reminders of the virtually unparalleled tragedies that have afflicted mankind in the last three or four decades.

The main difficulty with *Awakening from History* is its poor organization and blurred focus. The book is neither full (*i.e.*, genuinely revealing) autobiography nor straight history. It follows neither psychological-subjective principles nor chronological-factual lines. The author has attempted to combine the two—an impossible task, not improved by italicized connecting or interspersed paragraphs taken from his diaries and other unpublished notes. These memorabilia, which should have remained unpublished, are occasionally marred by sophomorism.

This may be accounted for by the confused intent of the book, or vice versa. When he gropes for the Meaning of It All, Mr. Taylor, a genuinely sensitive and modest man, seems somehow to lose his sense of proportion. Thus, in writing about his return to India after twenty years, he could state without a trace of irony:

> There was no pathos in our reunion, hardly any constraint. Her face was much as I remembered it, certainly not ravaged. . . . As far as I was aware there was no bitterness or sense of disenchantment in my feelings. . . . We were both preoccupied, of course, India with her war against Pakistan . . . and I with reporting on the conflict.

As for what Mr. Taylor considers the meaning of "history"—from which he "awakened" (whatever that means)—one must say, in all fairness, that it has baffled much greater minds, including Hegel's.

The interpretation of "history" apart, the book contains sections very much worth reading.

Saul K. Padover

Saul K. Padover, professor of political science in the Graduate Faculty of the New School, is the author of "Confessions and Self-Portraits."

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1354

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1354 will be found in the next issue.

X YS DSK MXZJ ESGZ JHJD

ELJD NDSKLJG IJGTSD YSJT

XK.

—VNGZ KENXD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1353

The only way to understand a woman is to love her—and then it isn't necessary to understand her.

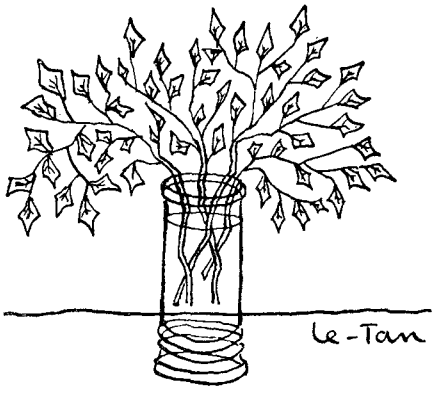
—SYDNEY HARRIS.

Poet on a Bridge

Continued from page 29

A moment later the engines stopped. This time Crane had meant it. He had jumped overboard and, though life preservers were thrown, no trace of him was found.

Professor Unterecker has told the story in graphic, almost photographic, detail. His more than 700 pages embody the fullest possible portrait of Crane, much fuller than Philip Horton's excellent biography published more than thirty years ago. One might object that it is too full, that it moves slowly and sometimes—clogged with



long digressions, accounts of petty literary squabbles, interminable and often banal letters—does not move at all. The first 250 pages take Crane only to his twenty-third year. It is as though the meticulous biographer could not bear to throw away a single scrap of his laboriously gathered but often tedious minutiae. Frequently the reader—at least this reader—wearily nods assent, or just nods. Nevertheless, page after crowded page carries conviction as well as compassion; the story Professor Unterecker tells is one of the saddest in American literature, and he misses none of its bitter poignance.

If I quibble about the amount of space the biographer devotes to analysis of Crane's lesser poems, and with his asserting that "Crane is acknowledged to be one of the greatest American poets of his century" without intimating that there is a considerable minority opinion, nevertheless he merits continual applause. He shows that Crane's prime originality resides in the energetic boldness of his images and the dazzling wildness of his metaphors; that, in spite of the man's steady disintegration, the poet rose above the flaws and sentimentality of such poems as "Indiana" and "Cape Hatteras," and that, though he was preoccupied with the mechanical aspects of his age("the nasal whine of power"), his sensibility was that of a doggedly affirmative and romantic spirit in a negative and unromantic time.

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Fiction

THE COTTON-PICKERS

by B. Traven
Hill & Wang, 200 pp., $5

HE SEEMED TO BE SUMMONING UP his harsh experiences, casting them, mature and ill-formed together, upon his peculiar stage. He seemed to hope that the force of his feeling, the thrust of his commitment, would give them breath, would ignite all distinct elements to create the explosion of a full-life, richly lived novel. The fury, B. Traven's own, had not yet been tempered by the deliberate agony of art, the checkmate wit of craftsmanship. The injustice was real. What he had seen, felt, experienced was real. That seemed to be enough.

So Traven wrote *The Cotton-Pickers* to expose the inhumanity of management, the injustice forced upon the Indian, the greed, paranoia and soul-suicide that money demands of men. And the canvas he chose, that he was beginning to know, was the Mexico of a growing revolution. His hero, of course, was a Wobbly.

But he had not yet found a voice that would rouse a corresponding rage in the reader. However politically correct he was, good sentiments did not necessarily produce good work.

As unripe as this first novel was, it contained the seeds of every idea and character he was later to explore in his major works, *Treasure of the Sierra Madre, The Bridge in the Jungle, The Death Ship, The Rebellion of the Hanged and The Night Visitor.*

Thus, like most first works of self-discovery, for the author its failure proved a virtue. It fixed mind on canvas and, with naïve strokes, painted the vision that was to become an obsession: exploitation, rapacity, corruption. With each new work, Traven would further transcend the particular injustice and to see the universality of the struggle. Finally, he would arrive at the point where real action was indistinguishable from myth. And, in his retelling of Indian tales and Mexican legends, he would discover man's mortal immortality.

The song he sang in this early novel is as full of feeling as it is threadbare of style:

> Cotton is worn by king and prince,
> Millionaire and president,
> But the lowly cotton-picker
> Sweats to earn each bloody cent . . .
>
> I'm just a lousy vagabond,
> See, that's the way they made me be,
> And there's no cotton crop for you
> Unless it's picked by bums like me.

It is the story of Gerard Gales, the blue-eyed *Norté*, who made his way from dusty cotton field to sultry Tampico to earn enough money to keep him alive.

"'It beats me, everywhere I go people say I'm a Wobbly, a troublemaker, and I assure you, Mr. Pratt, that this is——' 'The whole and unadulterated truth,' Mr. Pratt finished."

The Cotton-Pickers is a short book, its episodes strung together by Gales's pursuit of work. As cotton-picker in Ixtlixochicuauhtepec, baker in Tampico, cattle-driver in central Mexico, Gales's actions provide the narrative thrust, and his eyes and heart the theme. What he saw and what he felt give the work its substance.

There is the problem of dramatic rhythm in this book. Many times what was important to the hero has ceased to be important to the reader. The puzzle, here, is as much historic as it is esthetic. Traven's strength as a novelist is not his historicity, but his vision of men acting under obsession.

In *The Cotton-Pickers* there are scenes that foreshadow Traven's later blood-brooding mystery, and in which his obsessions are acutely displayed: an Indian and a *mestizo* taking turns tossing at each other pen-knives tied to poles, until one man drops; the comically ceremonious meeting of bandit and cattle-driver; jungle reclaiming land that has ceased to be tended; above all, nature, dispassionate and abiding.

For Traven, *The Cotton-Pickers* was a beginning. For the reader, it provides insight into the early work of a folk-fashioned artist who could tell a story better than most.

Stephen Geller

Stephen Geller's latest novel, "Joop's Dance," will be published in August.

BRING ME TO THE BANQUETING HOUSE

by Sol Biderman
Viking, 284 pp., $5.95

IN ONE RESPECT AT LEAST this first novel by the Denver-born Sol Biderman may be said to differ from most recent works of fiction with Jewish themes: there is no Jewish mother in it. Six-year-old David Unicorn has been motherless since infancy, and turned over to the Jewish Foundling House in Denver by his impoverished father. David, who doesn't know his mother is dead, has been told she is living in a little yellow house on the edge of the city. Once he walks all the way across town to look for her and encounters the two old crones who share the house, along with a couple of goats and a set of false teeth. This picturesque pair promptly return him to the orphanage where, under the watchful eye of the surrogate mother, David grows up. Timid, dreamy and imaginative, he is an easy prey for Bootie Katzenelbogen, the bully in residence, who tramples all over David's carefully tended tomato patch in the orphanage's World War II victory garden. But a clever teacher discourages his dream of revenge, winning him over to pacifism. David does, however, along with the members of his clique, learn the art of shoplifting, and as he grows older gets into plenty of trouble. After sharing his most intimate fears and fantasies with one of the staff's more obtuse psychiatric social workers, he is finally threatened with expulsion.

As long as its author sticks with David, *Bring Me to the Banqueting House* brims with life, brash humor and honesty in the credible setting of its sharply delineated, enclosed institutional world. An orphanage Passover, an interfaith Christmas party in a local movie house, the way an unfeeling director deprives the older boys of their basement club and sense of identity, are colorful, absorbing episodes seen through David's eyes.

Too often, however, the novelist abandons his protagonist for bouts of compulsive documentation. A bus ride through Denver becomes an occasion for naming almost every city street and landmark. When Mr. Biderman describes a light bulb he must tell you the wattage. He cannot resist a case history, especially a sordid one, and frequently digresses to enumerate the background details on some inmate or staff member at the orphanage. These are never assimilated into the narrative. Thus information is substituted for insight, and a taste for journalism allowed to intrude on the story-teller's art.

Mr. Biderman also tampers with

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time in ill-placed flashbacks, and interjects anecdotes that merely betray his own bias against the untraditional practices of Reform Judaism (which he persists in labeling incorrectly as "Reformed") in favor of the Orthodox customs that appeal to his own rather sentimental nature.

The author has certain merely irritating habits: a reliance on food-related images ("brussels-sprouts ears," "chocolate-cake-colored earth") and even names ("Mrs. Lox," "Mrs. Halvah"), and a pedantic taste for words like "glabrous," "gloriole," "aduncous" and "ogival"—as though he had been exposed at a tender age to the prose of James Gould Cozzens. These conceits, no doubt, will disappear as he matures. So, one hopes, will his fashionable preoccupation with lavatory habits and ugliness: "He smelled the fungus in between his toes." We leave David pretty much as we found him, more ignored by his own inventor than by the home for foundlings where, apparently, he never does get to find himself. Such are the wages of naturalism.

Paul Kresh

Paul Kresh, Vice-President of Spoken Arts, Inc., writes and directs the weekly award-winning radio series "Adventures in Judaism."

SIEGE

by Edwin Corley
Stein & Day, 384 pp., $6.95

THIS IS THE kind of book that could give non-violence a bad name. The author's moderate black spokesmen utter depressingly colorless banalities; for example, a black senator on TV: "But with all my anger at the way the Black man is treated, I am an American and proud of that fact. So don't tell me to abandon my country, turn against my flag, and pretend I'm an African."

This patriotic outburst is in reaction to the occupation of Manhattan by militant blacks who propose to trade it in for New Jersey, which would then become a separate black country. (Some people might argue that it would serve the militants right to gain New Jersey.)

The siege of Manhattan almost succeeds; but then a militant shoots the mayor of New York dead on live TV. This indiscretion causes the black military leader, a former major general in the regular army, to see the light. He also learns that his wife and children had been murdered by whites hired by black militants (the same ones who arranged the killing of Malcolm X), to anger him into lending his military

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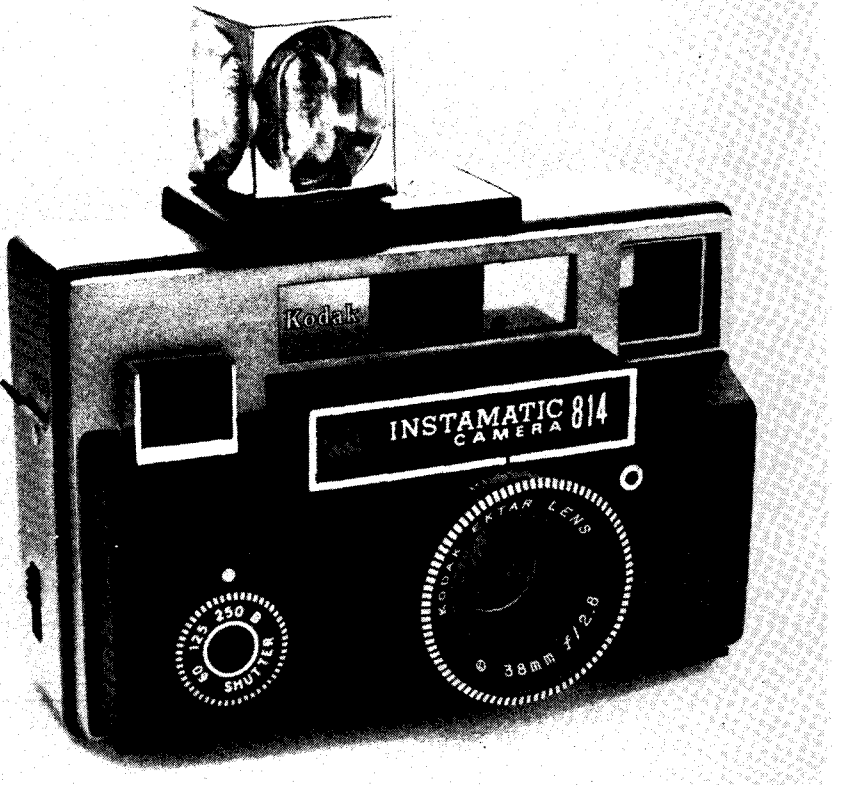

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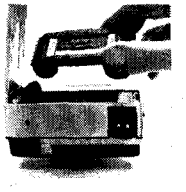

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Sense or Sensibility

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Here it is only halfway through the season, and my summer romance is already over. Along with everybody else at the Fifth Intermountain Conference on Children's Literature, I fell completely under the spell of Marguerite de Angeli, octogenarian, winner of the 1950 Newbery Medal and living doll.

Set among the delectable mountains that surround the University of Utah, the conference—run with indefatigable efficiency by Elliott Landau—was as brisk and refreshing as the Salt Lake City air. There were three speakers every morning and a discussion hour for each in the afternoon. Since my topics for the morning sessions were realistic and controversial books, it was predictable that the discussion meetings might be lively, and indeed they were. The participants were informed and articulate, the shop talk energetic.

Since I've been defending such books in *SR* and on lecture platforms, I was delighted by Jerome Beatty's supportive comment (*SR*, June 14) on the prevalence and excellence of contemporary realism in the "with-it" books for young people. He described the frankness with which authors treat dope, drinking, and sexual problems, and their employment of previously tabooed words. I expected comment on John Donovan's *I'll Get There. It Better Be Worth the Trip* (*SR*, May 10), and it was indeed one of the most discussed books at our afternoon meetings. Surprisingly, nobody was adamantly opposed to the use of homosexuality as a theme for young people's books. In fact, two participants announced firmly that it was long overdue. As always, there were some who questioned the need for candor on all these subjects: "What good do they do?" "Can a child be harmed by reading these books?" "Do the children really want them?"

Do they? If one can judge by library circulation figures, they do. If one can judge by enthusiastic letters to authors, the books are filling a long-felt need for stories reflecting the problems the young face in their homes, their communities, their schools, and the larger society.

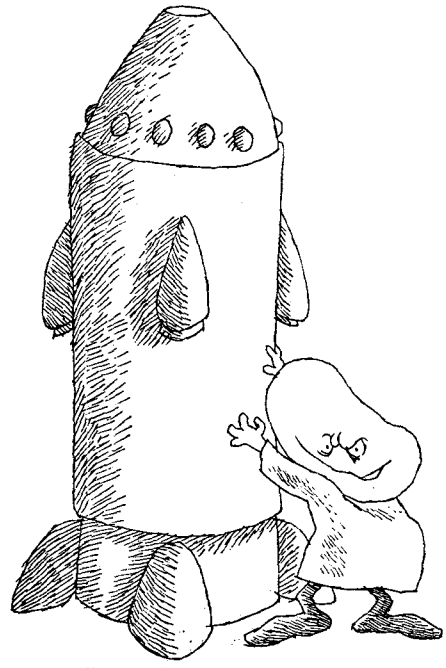
Can a child be harmed by reading about delinquency (juvenile or adult), strained parent-child relations, premarital sex? Are we, as adults, harmed? (I confess that my motel reading was about a conniving, nagging mother whose daughter runs away with a man: *Pride and Prejudice.*) Will a book like Maia Wojciechowska's *Tuned Out* (Harper & Row, $3.50), which shows the agony of a bad trip, encourage trying LSD? Will a girl who reads about the ashamed and heartsick protagonist of Zoa Sherburne's *Too Bad About the Haines Girl* (Morrow, $3.75) not stop to think about the dangers of premarital sex? These books aren't tracts, and aren't so intended, but they are probably all the more effective in their message.

It seems to me that realistic books about today's problems and perils have two positive aspects. For the child who feels isolated by his situation, they can be a solace. In *The Long Ride Home*, by James L. Summers (Westminster, $3.50), a brother and sister refuse all offers of friendship or social activities lest their classmates discover their father is an alcoholic. Surely a young person reading this or other stories about excessive parental drinking would be comforted by knowing that others share his troubles? Surely the books in which there is a retarded brother or sister must make the burden a little bit easier for those who must sustain it?

The second benefit is to the reader who has had no such experiences. He knows, or will know, people who have them, and reading about them can only contribute to his understanding and compassion.

To anticipate the questions of whether all such books are good, whether all children should read them, and whether one could possibly think they are better than classics, fairy tales, poetry, encyclopedias, fantasy, or pop-up books: The answer is no. Not every book is flawless; not every child likes realism. Most readers want variety; each genre has its niche and its adherents.

And the end is not yet. At the second discussion session we were ticking off some of the barriers that had been broken down in recent years. It got a big laugh when one man said wryly that at least there wasn't any rape yet. Florence Cranell Means has just produced *Our Cup Is Broken* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95) in which . . .



—*From "Matthew Looney in the Outback."*

Blackboard Bear. *Written and illustrated by Martha Alexandra. Dial.* 30 *pp.* $2.95. Soft, precise drawings of a small boy solacing himself with dreams of glory almost tell the story by themselves. It is a situation with which every child is all too familiar: Big boys do not want to play with little boys, who may ask: "Can I play?" "You're too little. You can't use a bow and arrow," says a tough cowboy. He asks a policeman engaged in a ferocious battle. "Of course not. You're too little. You can't shoot a gun. Go play with your teddy bear." Disconsolate, the child tosses his teddy bear away and draws a huge bear on his blackboard. And then, what delight he has in turning away all those big boys who beg for his attention. Very appealing, and so simple that fans will be "reading" it themselves. Ages 3-6.

Dominique and the Dragon. *By Jürgen Tamchina. Translated by Elizabeth D. Crawford. Illustrated by Heidrun Petrides. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 40 *pp.* $4.25. Friendly dragons are a favorite picture-book theme, but they are not often as enticingly presented as is this ferocious looking but amiable creature who swims down the Rhone and terrorizes the citizens of Avignon. Rumors spread and tall tales grow. Finally one small girl succeeds in capturing the dragon, after several wild and abortive forays by the townspeople. Dominique, who loves all animals, confidently approaches the beast and establishes an entente cordiale. The illustrations are charming, colorful and beautifully composed, robust with action and humor. Ages 5-9.

Glenda. *By Janice May Udry. Illustrated by Marc Simont. Harper & Row.* 55 *pp.* $3.50. Bored with the various forms she has assumed, the witch Glenda Glinka decides to try being a girl. She concocts the prettiest dress imaginable and enters a classroom. The other children are friendly at first; but Glenda isn't used to

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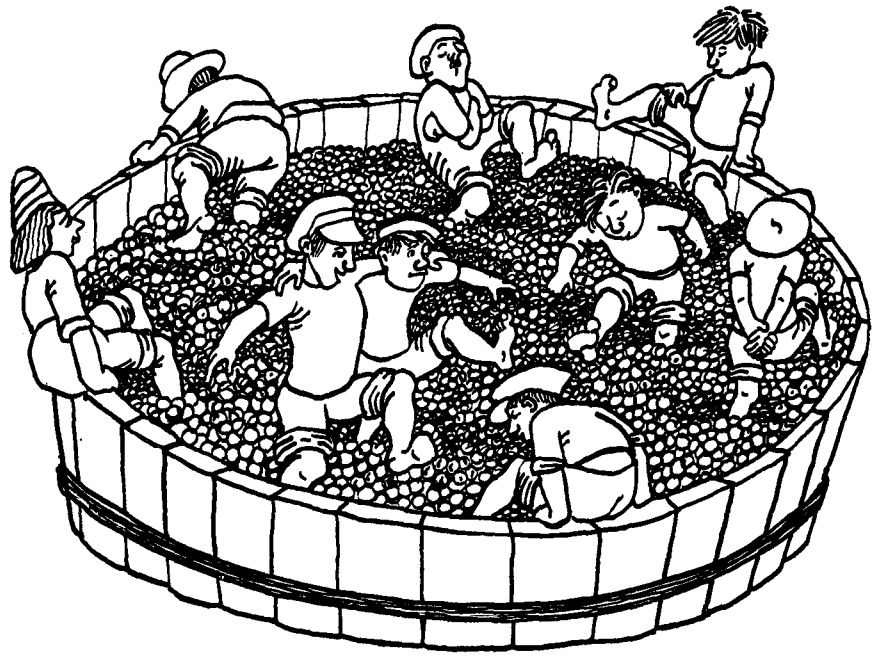
getting along without the help of magic, she is jealous of the others, she alienates the victims of her hostility. She decides to throw the whole thing over, fly somewhere warm, and come back next time as a substitute teacher. The story bubbles with fun, deftly combining the fanciful element of a tart, self-centered witch with believable childish behavior and conversation. Some of the incidents readers should find especially appealing are those in which Glenda fails to account for human taste, such as the time she concocts her own batch of PTA cookies, violet and green and flavored with green persimmon and beetles. Ages 7-9.

Living Things. *Written and illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. Watts.* 71 *pp.* $2.95. As are all the Bendick books, this introduction to biology is written in crisp, straightforward style and illustrated with lively drawings that are moderately useful. Although the text covers so much ground that it only skims the subject, it gives a good overview of what distinguishes living things from non-living, how plants and animals are grouped, ecological balance, adaptation, etc. The writing is in harmony with the process approach, suggesting observation and some home experiments. Ages 7-9.

The Most Terrible Turk: A Story of Turkey. *By Joseph Krumgold. Illustrated by Michael Hampshire. Crowell.* 41 *pp.* $3.75. Uncle Mustafa thought that murder was too good for the noisy trucks that frightened off game and ruined his hunting. Naturally, he took a few pot shots at them. Naturally, Ali was worried, since Uncle Mustafa was his hero, his only living relative, his companion; he told Mustafa, who could read only the old Turkish alphabet, that the newspapers were on the trail of a truck-murderer. Surely Mustafa would then stop, and be safe? Mustafa was frightened, but his decision to leave town left Ali even more frightened: how could he live without Mustafa? On the other hand, how could he tell him that he had invented the newspaper stories? The reunion and the solution are both funny and touching, a fitting ending for the ingenuous charm and warmth of the story. For younger children than were Krumgold's three previous books (two of which won the Newbery Medal), this is written very simply, very skillfully, and has engaging illustrations. Ages 8-10.

Matthew Looney in the Outback. *By Jerome Beatty, Jr. Illustrated by Gahan Wilson. Scott.* 224 *pp.* $3.95. Is peace possible between Earthmen and Moonsters? The redoubtable Matthew, now a Space Commander, is forced to land on the earth while on a colonizing expedition and he discovers that the planet is in imminent danger of being devastated by a strayed Lava-Four Bomb. Faced with destruction, even the most rabid Earth-hater (Robinson K. Russo) sees reason and forms a Save-the-Earth League. Despite the serious message, there's not a serious word. The blandly antic writing plays with language and ideas on two levels: the obvious, amusing puns (Mooniversity Heights, a Spatial Ambassador, "moonits" instead of "minutes") and the more sophisticated barbs aimed at man's behavior. Nutty but nice. Ages 8-11.



—From "Dominique and the Dragon."

Porko von Popbutton. *Written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Harper & Row.* 80 *pp.* $3.95. Bad enough to be thirteen years old and weigh 274 pounds; worse still to be assigned to the diet table at boarding school when your only joy in life is eating; saddest of all to be assigned as roommate to a wiry lad who is not only a good student but the goalie in a hockey-mad school. Jim immediately dubs the fat newcomer "Porko" and uses him for practicing cage defense. Porko has his own ideas. In the school's annual game against their great rival, Porko steps into the net when Jim is knocked out, his defensive strategy being simply to fill up the space —and the end twist is too good to divulge. The illustrations are expectedly handsome, the story has a fresh and lively plot, and the writing style is deliberately, blatantly breezy. While the hockey game and the school setting give color and action, it is really Porko's gluttony that is the theme of the book. Ages 9-11.

The King's Falcon. *By Paula Fox. Illustrated by Eros Keith. Bradbury.* 57 *pp.* $3.95. Arranged marriages are traditional in royal houses, but few kings have been subjected, at the age of fifteen, to a union with a battle-axe of thirty-seven. Under the domineering thumb of his consort and living in "melancholy squalor" in his small kingdom, Philip carefully, secretly runs off with the falcon he has lovingly trained and finds contentment at the court of another, happier monarch. The story is beautifully written; like faceted crystal it is clear and sharp, with brilliant flashes and shifting opalescence that hint at deeper layers. It has the mournful bittersweetness of the closing incident: a troubador comes to the court, where nobody knows of Philip's rank, and sings of a king who disappeared; hiding his face, Philip smiles. "It is not often, he thought to himself, that a king can exchange his crown for a song." Ages 9-11.

My Village, My World. *By David E. Sanford. Illustrated by Gustave Nebel. Crown.* 190 *pp.* $4.25. There was no question about it; Nikos could not go on in school. First of all, he was twelve and needed on the farm. Second, he was poor; in a small Greek village where there were only six grades, continuing an education meant leaving his home. The boy knew all this, yet the urge to learn, to be able to see something of life other than the village and the farm, created a pressing conflict. For Nikos the problem is solved (by a slightly artificial device) but the crux of the story is the conflict between the lag of cultural tradition and the insistent pace of progress. The writing is deliberate but not dull, with most of the story's vigor deriving from the colorful characters rather than the plot. Ages 10-13.

Operation Destruct. *By Christopher Nicole. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 230 *pp.* $4.50. Ready? Tongue in cheek, eyebrows raised? Get set, read. Jonathan Anders isn't the only inept intelligence agent on record, but he is certainly one of the most blithe spirits of spydom. As his first assignment, Jonathan is to investigate a wrecked Russian trawler. He manages to get in and out of trouble with a most elegant Ninotchka type who outwits him at every turn; only the sensible behavior of a pretty American reporter pulls Jonathan through, and *she* falls for somebody else. Brisk and bouncy, the story rattles along with that particular charm of writing that just barely, very astutely, escapes being the caricature of a genre. Ages 11-14.

Barbie. *By Kitty Barne. Little, Brown.* 257 *pp.* $4.95. Barbie's story is told by her cousin Laurel, who is the first to hear that Barbie is coming for a long visit to England. Laurel, although she is no musician, is quickly aware that Barbie is a

(*Continued on page* 65)

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talents and experience to the rebellion.

Toward the end of the book the President of the United States delivers a love-and-understanding TV speech right out of the old Philco Playhouse. He allows that the black man has indeed been short-changed, but he promises that from now on he'll have good housing, plenty of food, and a superior education. The President is not precisely sure how all this will be accomplished, but the government will work it out somehow. "With your help," he concludes, "and God's, we will win."

The crude, scare-mongering message Edwin Corley has to deliver is that violence doesn't pay, particularly when committed by blacks. But, ironically, the thrust of his headline-concocted story shows the reader otherwise. It takes, after all, the partial burning of Manhattan to get Mr. Corley's President to mouth his simplistic platitudes.

And so it appears that the unintentional moral of this uninspired novel could be summed up in a quip of Godfrey Cambridge's: "Nothing does more to improve race relations than a good race riot."

Greta Walker

Greta Walker is a free-lance writer with a strong interest in urban affairs.

NATURAL HISTORY

by Constance Urdang
Harper & Row, 178 pp., $4.95

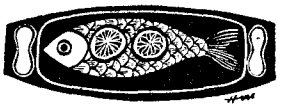
CONSTANCE URDANG's book offers a trip inside a writer's head, the experience of being present at, even participating in, the creation of a small work of art. The interior landscape through which the reader travels is strewn with bits and pieces, a miscellany of memories, conversations, scrutiny of persons and places, reflections, excerpts from letters and a diverse collection of writings. The materials for a fiction are laid before us in their "natural" state, with an invitation to collaborate in the scheme of their relationships, and to determine—invent, really—their significance for ourselves. A goodly amount of well-worn cargo has been tossed overboard before the voyage begins: plot, characters in the traditional sense, chronology, reproduction of a ready-made world, philosophically systematized and sociologically investigated. (I believe Constance Urdang would applaud whoever it was who said: Thou shalt not commit sociology.) Yet her book is neither dream nor utopian vision, but a fabrication of contemporary reality which author and reader construct together.

The writer says of her intentions: "NOT A novel. A series of images in the form of prose episodes. Their meaning, if any, to emerge when at the end one can look back to try and make out the 'significant patterns . . . as a man sees from a plane the track of a Roman road under crops and chicken runs.'" Still, this *is* a novel, or more appropriately an exploration of what a novel can be. Miss Urdang wants to engage us in a new way: "EMOTIONAL impact to implode, as in a poem . . ." So she is moving into virgin territory, for the novel's established camping grounds have been preempted, its claim to be a purveyor of news about the way we live, for one thing, swept away in a tide of journalism. We are awash in waves of information, near to drowning in an ocean of socio-cultural reportage. What behavioral revelations remain? Moreover, the present world, volatile, so resistant to our control, eludes containment in a "story," the orderly progression of events toward logical resolution. It isn't just happy endings but all endings that are in question today. Conclusion rings false; at the most, situations must be merely suspended, left to dangle before an unpredictable future.

To grasp at analogy, *Natural History* might be likened to a kind of journal, a thought book, kept by a nameless woman—we know only that she is married, has children, is living in St. Louis. But the implied outward resemblance to autobiography/diary is also misleading. The narrator is neither heroine nor leading character, but simply a guiding intelligence. The book flows without obedience to sequential time, organized to an inner fictive rhythm. Nothing "happens"; a succession of everyday people, men and women, old and young, dead and alive, move in and out, serving as metaphors for ways-of-being-in-the-world.

"I'd like to write a novel of my ideas," the author tells us—that is, her own perception of the truths of existence as distinguished from "the political, philosophical, moral ideas 'going around' (like a virus infection) . . ." This isn't, of course, altogether reasonable or even possible. We are all children of our time, and Miss Urdang's own debt to existentialist thought is obvious. But why quibble? Her drift is plain and her ideas and mode of pondering them are consistently interesting. Attitudes and stereotypes, intellectual or emotional, borrowed carelessly from the prevailing culture, obscure self-knowledge and limit life's possibilities. The self, like art, is a form of creativity in which "there are always alternatives" and a responsibility for cause and effect. The labels and classifications of the current group consciousness threaten humanness by denying choice and growth.

These thoughts are never stated didactically but are suggested, among many others, by Miss Urdang's cun-



ning, fascinating method, which juxtaposes dramatizations of individual experience with quotations, past and present, from the makers of opinion, historians, social scientists, newspapers, the voice of the law. One can consider these generalizations and judgments as functioning in the role of time. The slow pace of their shifts and inevitable change in contrast with the brief moment of a single life is a form of tragic irony. "DEVIANCE . . . is a creation of the public imagination." So we can cripple ourselves in the blind service of gods already in process of being displaced.

Women, especially, are vulnerable to the split between self and Woman the social concept. There are beautiful insights here on this fruitful topic: woman's relationship to men; her role as mother and daughter, wife, companion; the oppressions of youth as well as of age. Ardis glows and agonizes through the pages, deceiving herself that her sexuality is the stuff of eternal romantic drama. Lola is mired in a "slough of femininity," procreating and nest-building. Pat struggles against accepted norms of conduct to take moral charge of herself. "THE PROBLEM IS precisely to be 'not simply *a* woman but *this* woman,' to become the woman one actually is."

The effect of *Natural History* is a bit like that of a speculative talk with a sharp-minded friend of fine sensibility. There is a similar intimate ease, enlivened by pointed anecdote and observation. More than that, there is intellectual exhilaration which comes from our required assistance in the act of communication. This short, compressed book experiments successfully with the novel by making new demands on us in order to give us something new.

Muriel Haynes

Muriel Haynes is a free-lance writer and critic.

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New Horizons for Educated Women

45 **Editorial**

46 **Letters to the Education Editor**

47 **The Reformation of the Catholic College** by Robert Hassenger

50 **Tension: A Tool for Reform** by George B. Thomas

53 **The Life and Hard Times of Parsons College** by James D. Koerner

56 **Feuer, Freud, and the Fathers** by Otto Klineberg

58 **Schools Make News**

60 **A View from the Campus: An Optimistic View of Campus Unrest** by Paul Woodring

61 **Book Review "Teaching as a Subversive Activity,"** by Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner, reviewed by Charles J. Calitri

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There are some two-and-a-half million college-educated women in the country today whose knowledge and skills are underused or underutilized. Many of them have no pressing financial need to work, and their primary commitment is to the welfare of their families. Therefore, although they are aware of both the practical and emotional rewards that would come from using their talents more fully, they are unwilling, or unable, to assume the responsibility of a conventional eight-hour day, five-day-a-week job. Meanwhile, society is denied the benefits that would accrue from more effective utilization of this large pool of skilled manpower in areas where shortages now exist.

In an effort to end this waste of training and talent, a national, nonprofit organization was founded in 1962 to seek ways in which mature women could combine family responsibilities with work in positions that are equal to their abilities. Called Catalyst (6 East 82nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10028), the organization is enjoying increasing success in placing women in part-time positions in education, science and industry, and social work.

That substantial numbers of educated women are eager to work on a part-time basis was demonstrated last year when Catalyst contracted with the Massachusetts Department of Welfare to recruit, train, and supervise fifty women to fill twenty-five full-time caseworker jobs. More than 500 women applied, and final selection was made from the group of 300 who were interviewed.

Catalyst's most notable success, however, has been achieved in developing the concept of part-time teachers. In practice, the plan can follow a number of patterns. The simplest and easiest to initiate is the part-time kindergarten teacher, since the standard kindergarten operates for only a half-day. In other cases, part-time teachers function as members of teaching teams, as all-round assistants to help reduce class size, or as teachers in specialized fields where full-time teachers are not available or are not required (for instance, in some sciences, languages, or the arts). Most unusual, however, is the partnership plan, developed in the Framingham, Massachusetts schools, where two teachers share a single full-time position, one taking the morning session and the other the afternoon. Through careful planning they are able to present a coordinated program to which each brings special knowledge and teaching strengths.

Significant numbers of mature women were trained and employed as teachers before marriage and family responsibilities took them out of the classroom. Many will return to full-time teaching when their children are grown, but meanwhile they are unable to accept full-time employment. If, however, they are given opportunities for part-time teaching their skills can be made available to the schools far sooner than would otherwise be possible.

Other educated women find themselves attracted to teaching as a profession after they have started raising their families. For these women Catalyst has published two booklets: a national directory of teacher preparatory programs and certification requirements in each of the states, and a compilation of teaching opportunities for college graduates. But women who turn to teaching as a profession during their mature years face special problems in obtaining the academic credentials required for certification.

In an effort to develop a solution to these problems, Catalyst is cooperating with Hunter College in an experimental "campus-linked" home study program leading to teacher certification. To be launched this coming fall, it is designed to prepare the mother who is currently homebound with

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young children for part-time teaching when her children reach school age. It will focus primarily on independent study and demand minimum time away from home (two hours a week working in a public school, and a bi-weekly three-hour session of seminars and individual conferences at the college). Certification will be earned after four semesters, with the equivalent of twenty-four hours. If the project proves successful, it may well serve as a model for similar programs throughout the country.

The feasibility of hiring teachers on a part-time basis is seriously questioned by many school administrators. Problems of scheduling, of communication, of professional relationships, and of community acceptance would, they are sure, interfere with the effective functioning of the school. But it appears that their fears are ill-founded. *Part-time Teachers and How They Work*, a study of five school systems that have employed part-time teachers for a number of years, indicates that carefully designed programs to bring part-time teachers into the classroom meet with wide acceptance both in the school and the community.

Catalyst is pursuing a valuable program in providing opportunities for educated women to contribute not only to their own well-being, but to society generally. Its efforts should be applauded. —J.C.

WIT TWISTER #121

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

War does not _ _ _ _ _ the nodding fields;
With fire and _ _ _ _ _ he _ _ _ _ _ the land.
The luscious _ _ _ _ _ the fruit-grove yields
Are plundered by his hasty hand.
Yet when his _ _ _ _ _ and murders cease,
The land will bloom once more in peace.

—A. S.

Mr. Swan thanks readers for their interest, but regrets that he cannot accept any more verses at present.

(*Answer on page 62*)

Letters to the Education Editor

On Black Anger

IT IS VERY heartening to know that there are young, talented people of the caliber of Elliott Duane Moorman ["The Benefit of Anger," *SR*, June 21], who state their objectives with such mature wisdom and clarity. This brilliant young leader should continue to be a tower of strength in contrast to so many of his generation who lack his depth of perception and broad, humane understanding.

HAROLD E. GOLDSMITH,
Wallingford, Pa.

ELLIOTT DUANE MOORMAN writes with an irony steeped in what one feels is no doubt genuine righteous indignation: "Where was our common humanity when the teachers of black people were slave traders . . .?"—assuming in his oversimplification of history that the slave traders were all whites.

It might be neat for Mr. Moorman's brand of public anger if this were the case; unfortunately for all of us—or perhaps in some kind of ultimate irony, *fortunately* for all of us—the people who did the original trading were both whites and blacks. If we look closely—as we all are going to have to as we look further into our "heritages"—we will find that it was certain white traders from the ships who bought the blacks for use as slaves from certain black kings and tribal chiefs.

The implications arising from a closer, more objective look may be more difficult to assimilate, but we are eventually going to have to come to terms with the complex realities. It seems to me that we should look a little closer into what *was*, so that we can benefit from a more knowledgeable and complex anger as we try to tell it like it is.

R. P. DICKEY,
Southern Colorado State College,
Pueblo, Colo.

Philadelphia's Mark Shedd

I WAS MOST pleased with the article by Wallace Roberts about Mark Shedd's efforts to reform urban education in Philadelphia. The question asked in the title, "Can Urban Schools Be Reformed?" [*SR*, May 17], seems moot when one reads what opposition there is to change in these time-work and ineffective agencies, but it is rhetorical because the forces that demand improved urban schools are inexorable.

If educators such as Dr. Shedd cannot overcome the internal opposition to improvement, external agents eventually must prevail. Parents will begin to see that it is not only black children who are not being educated but all children who are victimized by rigidity, autocracy, and decadence, and all of society pays the price. Those parents and their political representatives eventually must effect a change even against the resistance of the school system. Dr. Shedd represents a refreshing and rare alternative to the kind of school administrator who traditionally has served in our large cities. He stands in leadership upon one of the most important frontiers of our age: urban education. Mr. Roberts has shown much insight into the difficulties that mark that frontier.

WILLIAM W. WAYSON, Principal,
Dr. Martin Luther King
Junior Elementary School,
Syracuse, N.Y.

". . . and the last order of business is the annual nasty petition from the teachers' association asking that we vote them salaries equal to three-quarters of those of the trash collectors."

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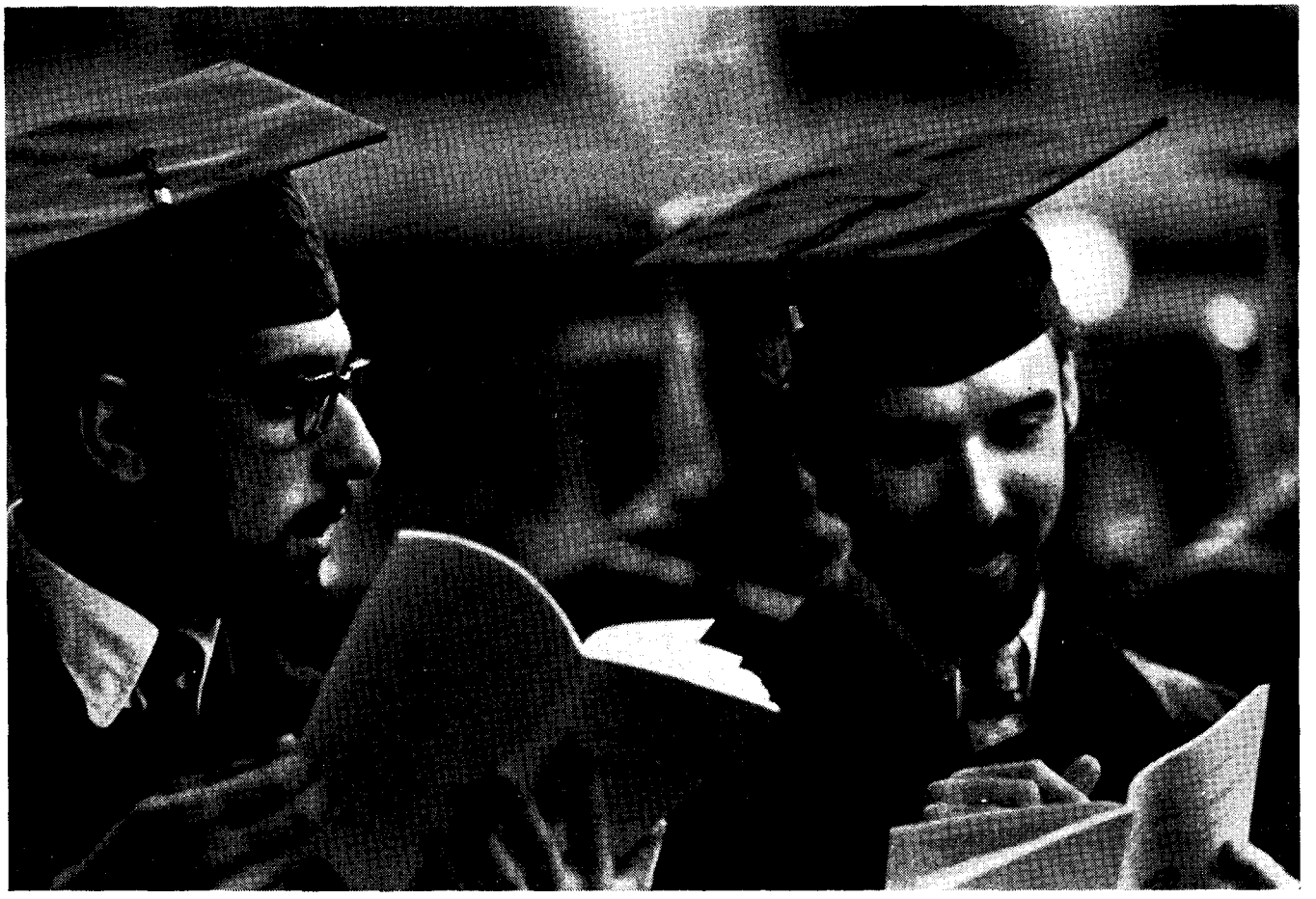

THE REFORMATION OF THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE

by ROBERT HASSENGER

One need not be a cliché-monger to assert that Catholic higher education is in transition; it is, with a vengeance. In 1940, when there were 162,000 students in Catholic colleges in the United States, there was little difference between them and the protective institutions described by a European churchman visiting this country a century earlier: "Since many Catholic youths want to obtain a higher education to become physicians, attorneys, or priests, it has long been the ambition of the bishops to erect such higher institutions of learning and to supervise them in order that these young men, who otherwise would attend the public state schools, might not go astray." There is little hint of intellectual motivation here. As Evelyn Waugh put it toward the end of the Forties:

> The Catholic colleges do not set themselves the aims of Harvard or Oxford or the Sorbonne. Their object is to transform a proletariat into a bourgeoisie; to produce a faithful laity, qualified to take its part in the general life of the nation; and in this way they are manifestly successful. . . . It is a very great thing that young men who are going out to be dentists or salesmen should have a grounding of formal logic and Christian ethics.

But all this is changing. For example, the parents of the 436,000 students presently in U.S. Catholic colleges and universities have largely made it in a generally homogenized American culture, and the winds of change have blown as forcefully through the Catholic church itself as through most of society's institutions. More turmoil and possibilities have faced the church during the years since the Second Vatican Council than in the four-and-a-half centuries since the Reformation. As Peter Berger has brilliantly shown what has happened is the age-old phenomenon of a religious institution accommodating to a milieu that "no longer takes for granted [its] definitions of reality."

The Council shifted emphasis from organization patterns and hierarchical authority to the earthly pilgrimage of the "People of God." With this has come a more humanistic theology and philosophy, addressing more directly the questions faced by men in their daily lives. Paraphrasing Clausewitz (and with some hyperbole), it might be said that the Council recognized that theology is too important a matter to be left to the theologians. Theology today is no longer simply Christian doctrine; it is an academic discipline.

For the Catholic university, the most important ramifications of this have to do with the magisterium, or teaching authority of the church, traditionally held to inhere in the bishops as the spiritual descendants of the twelve apostles. When lay Catholics took up

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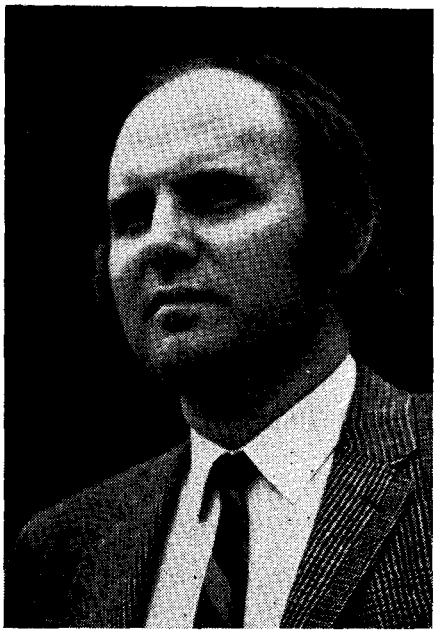
the study of theology, the clerical monopoly began to break up, for the pressures a bishop can bring to bear against a layman are much less than against a priest, brother, or sister. A bishop has no say about what matters should be pursued by the scholars. In the past, an individual bishop often felt he could speak "for the church," and did not hesitate to extend this authority into the Catholic college located in his diocese. But things are different now, in large part because new conceptions of what it means to be a Catholic or Christian have stripped the official church of its great weapon: excommunication. Many Catholics feel as Protestants do today that it is their church as much as the bishops', and would scoff at the suggestion that they could be thrown out of it. With this has gone an insistence by scholars that some of the traditional doctrines and forms are not calculated to connect with man in the last third of the twentieth century, and that these must be rethought in light of contemporary evidence and experience. To do so, they must be free to follow any paths their research reveals.

This is an entirely different approach than would have been taken by the scholars found on the Catholic campus of only a decade ago, when the university was considered the teaching arm of the church. Despite their lack of differential success in this regard, Catholic colleges were intended not only to furnish students with the skills enabling them to swim in the mainstream of the culture but to provide a set of spiritual water wings, that they might not "lose their faith" there. Today Catholic college faculty, students, and even administrators are more likely to view higher educational institutions as manifestations of church learning. The extent of this reorientation can only be grasped when the Catholic colleges are considered within a historical time frame.

A large proportion of these schools were really backed into by religious orders of men or women already involved in teaching high school and in staffing small colleges to train their own members. They simply began to offer a similar education to lay students, often to make additional money for the order, and, of course, for the reasons described by Waugh. As enrollments skyrocketed, lay faculty members, who were at one time viewed as unfortunate necessities, came to outnumber clerics by as many as ten to one. Yet, administrative control was firmly held by members of the religious congregation, and order members probably thought of a college as "their" institution. If asked, most would no doubt have indicated that they owned the college. They now know that this is not so, that the legal title to an educational institution is vested in a corporation, and if anyone "owns" a college, it is the general public.

The tight hold which religious communities are only now relinquishing has accounted for much of the conflict on the Catholic campuses. Most communities of brothers, sisters, and priests staffing the colleges have been guilty of the worst sort of paternalism or maternalism. In the paternalistic Catholic college or university, student lives have been carefully monitored. At St. John's, faculty members were expected as late as 1965 to prowl examinations to watch for cheating, and to monitor the restrictive dress regulations. There was also censorship of the student press, a restrictive speaker policy (Robert Kennedy was considered too controversial in the early 1960s), and a ban on political clubs. At another university with academic freedom problems, male students could not wear T-shirts, jeans, sweatshirts, or shorts; women's regulations were even more strict, and included a limitation on the places where they could smoke. In this school's student manual, it stated that "if it appears from the record that a student is not meeting the prescribed requirements, either scholastically or otherwise, he may be placed on probation or he may be requested to withdraw from the University." Students could be dismissed for "conduct or attitudes which, in its estimation, are not in conformity with its objectives and standards, or for any other reason for which it deems such action advisable. The University is the sole judge in the disposition of all cases involving disciplinary action of any kind. Every student, by the very fact of his registration at the University, recognizes this right."

There wasn't just a feeling of responsibility for the "faith and morals" of students; the religious role was so disproportionately rewarded in the Catholic church of only a few years ago that men and women in religious life perceived themselves as called to a "higher state," and often seemed to believe that this gave them a moral authority, even over faculty, that was simply unquestionable. This might lead to the firing of a faculty member—or, as at St. John's in New York, more than two dozen of them—without a hearing. Even as late as 1968, a Catholic college fired a man for marrying in a civil ceremony. The charge against the man in question was subsequently changed, but the investigating team of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) found so many irregularities with the procedures that they censured the college at their 1968 meeting. This case dramatized one of the dilemmas with which the Catholic college must wrestle. The fired professor justified his civil marriage by stating that he was no longer a Catholic, and had earlier sought a church wedding only so as not to hurt the family of the bride; they refused to give their twenty-year-old daughter permission, since the unorthodoxy of the professor's views made him unacceptable to them. He later took the quite defensible position that, even if he were a



Michael P. Walsh, S. J., of Fordham University (left), and author Michael Novak—voices of transition in the Catholic community.

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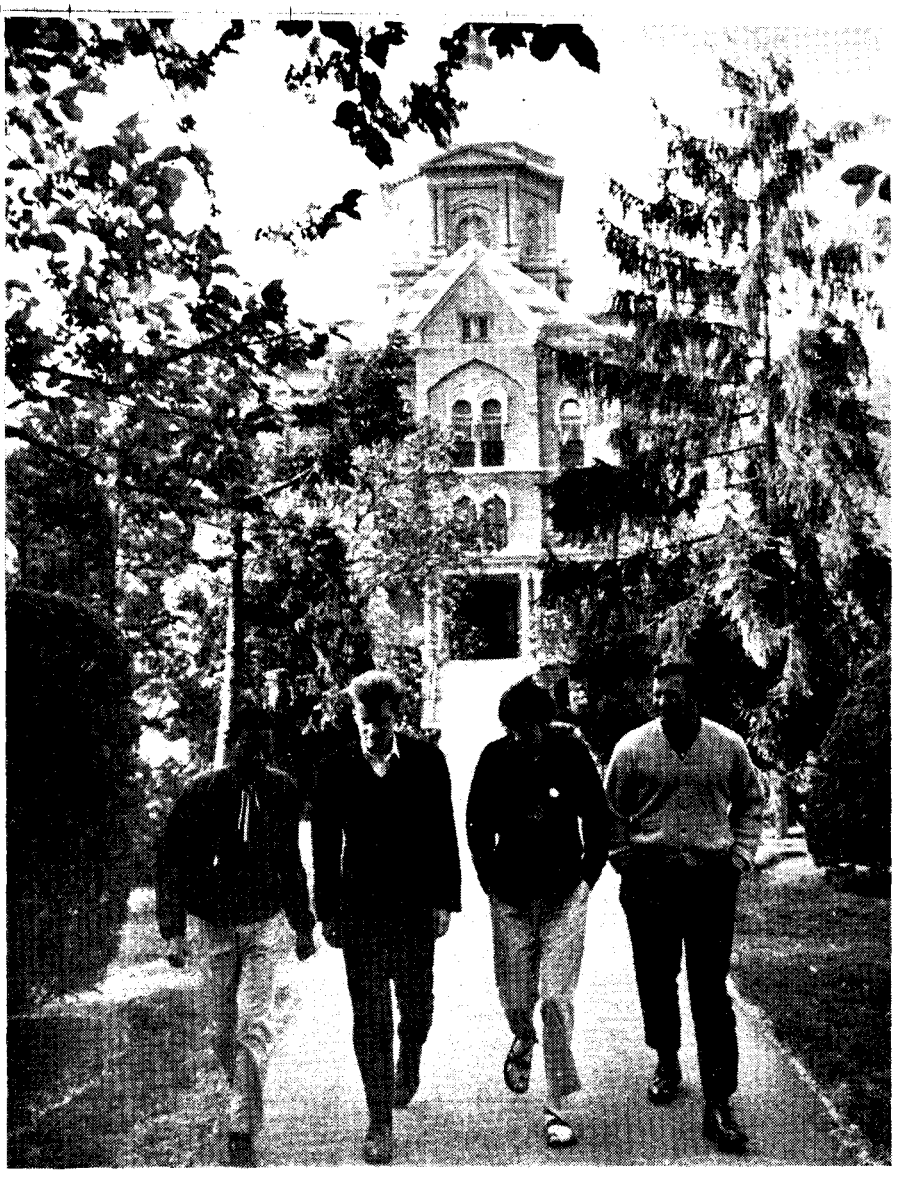
Catholic, academic freedom means nothing if a man is subject to dismissal without a hearing for an action judged "scandalous" by a clerical administration. It is just not acceptable for a Catholic college to hold that one set of standards can be enforced for Catholic faculty members or students, and another for non-Catholics.

Obviously, religious communities are not responsible for all that is wrong in Catholic higher education. Communities of religious men and women have made immeasurable contributions to Catholic education on all levels, including the college. They have been the principal resource of countless institutions. Those outside Catholic higher education often are unaware of how meager is the direct financial assistance provided to colleges by the church. At one institution I recently studied, there was even a physical intermeshing of the college and the religious community, with the latter paying for the new buildings and contributing 80 per cent of their salaries to the college. To operate in the black for 1967-68, the college could have used 89 per cent of these salaries. But if the religious community does not hold the line at 80, they will undoubtedly find that they are contributing 95—and then perhaps 100—per cent of their salaries, as soaring educational costs begin to draw funds from other order activities.

The essential point is that the interpenetration of religious communities and institutions of higher education has generated much of the conflict and confusion seen in recent years on the Catholic campus. Despite this, most of the Catholic colleges and universities cannot be considered overadministered, in the literal sense of the term. As the AAUP report of the most recent censuring of one Catholic college put it: "Lines of authority and responsibility have been vague, and methods for handling such matters as termination or nonrenewal of faculty appointments have been uncertain. Many ordinary administrative functions have been carried out informally. . . ." Powerful presidents have been used to having pretty much their own way. In one recent academic freedom case, a faculty hearing committee exonerated the fired professor, but the president and the trustees refused to accept this verdict, and the committee was reconvened "in the light of procedural inadequacies and new evidence"; they upheld the firing the second time around. When presidents have had a fair amount of exposure to the American educational Establishment—such as membership on a commission of the American Council on Education or the American Association for Higher Education—the likelihood of such behavior is greatly reduced.



Notre Dame campus—"By definition, a genuine university must not be subject to pressure from outside interest groups, including the church."

It is these types of ambiguous situations which should be changed by new organizational patterns such as those at St. Louis and Notre Dame. Laymen now dominate the trustee boards at each school, although neither has gone so far as Fordham, which recently announced a restructuring, giving laymen more than the two-thirds majority required to change the institutional bylaws.

But it would be naïve to expect the presence of laymen on trustee boards to solve automatically all of a college's problems. There is today a certain "anti-authoritarian romanticism," as David Riesman put it, that seems to characterize the discussions of some young Catholics who appear to believe that all the problems of Catholic higher education would disappear if only the universities could be completely laicized. But they would not. For one thing, the lay trustees are more likely to be chosen from among businessmen and industrialists than from among educators and social critics, and the former may be even more likely than the religious who attended graduate school to "see the Catholic colleges as turning out patriotic, sports-loving, smooth but unsophisticated young men and piously protected, 'feminine' young women." Then, too, in the past, some religious seemed to have had a distinctive sense of purpose or a charisma stemming from both a belief in a special grace coming to leaders and the attribution of certain powers to them by subservient laity. This single-mindedness has forced change and contributed greatly to the vast improvements that have characterized several leading Catholic universities, but may well be dissipated in a more decentralized administration. Those largely autonomous department and research institute baronies which now abound at the Berkeleys and Chicagos are beginning to make their appearances on the lead-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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TENSION: A TOOL FOR REFORM

by GEORGE B. THOMAS

Most attempts to reform large urban school systems have seemed to end in failure. Whether reform is initiated inside the system, as are most programs of compensatory education, or from outside, like the thousands of short-term institutes and workshops set up by universities, little or no large-scale system-wide change seems to occur. Apparently successful small pilot programs like Higher Horizons lose their effect when they are expanded. Fledgling middle-class teachers, bursting with idealistic energy, recruited through programs like the Teacher Corps, founder in a morass of seemingly unchangeable routine. Expensive efforts to generate new curricula like the television series *One Nation Indivisible* are met with fear and misunderstanding by teachers, parents, and administrators. Most schoolchildren in the inner city are affected not at all; the large systems stand unmoved.

In response to the apparent failure to improve city schools through these conventional professional modes, recent attempts at urban educational reform have centered on the redistribution of power. Proponents of change have urged that the decision-making power presently held by a small, centralized group of elected and appointed officials be decentralized. Decisions about the education of city children are to shift, at least partially, from the central public school officials to smaller, local subsystems, or even to alternative systems established by groups of parents or professionals in private or suburban schools.

But shifts of control, like earlier reform efforts, have rarely had a system-wide effect on public systems. A control shift, to have large-scale reforming effect, must have built-in tension with the central system. It must remove substantial money and power from a group of professionals. And it must speak for a large and determined constituency if it is to pose a real threat to the power base of the already entrenched. If a shift of control is *too* complete, as it is when parents start a private community school, or is too localized and unpublicized, as it is when a university conducts a curricular experiment, it is unlikely that it will change the educational life of more than a few children. Only substantial shifts of power *within* the system seem to have a chance of large-scale effect, such as changing promotion policies or budgeting procedures.

Those who hope for large-scale reform must look critically at the rhetoric that surrounds most new educational ventures today. It is rare indeed that new ventures fail to aspire to large-scale effect, but it is even rarer that change of any great significance to the vast majority of children is accomplished, because nearly all city school systems have a well-documented resistance to change, whether the changes are initiated inside or outside the system.

Each of these attempts at reform can be seen as an effort to decentralize control of the educational fate of schoolchildren, control once tightly held by a few public school officials. In each case, some control over decisions has been decentralized—delegated by, or seized from, the central authority. Today, decentralization and community control are virtually synonymous. But decentralization of the power to make decisions about the education of youngsters in public schools began well before the clamor for community control.

Three types of school decentralizing ventures have developed in most cities over the past few years: contractual projects, usually for supplementary services; alternative systems, like private community schools; and subsystem efforts that aim to change policies affecting children within a specific district of the public schools. Each of these types is part of the larger, seemingly inexorable, drift toward decentralization, but each has a different effect on the larger system.

For instance, in Boston—the public school system with which I am most familiar—the school department's long isolation from other institutions was first penetrated in 1963 when Action for Boston Community Development, a Ford Foundation forerunner of the anti-poverty efforts, contracted with the public schools to plan a model elementary school. Since then the schools have contracted with outside agencies for such services as in-service teacher training, summer and after-school enrichment programs, school building designs, teacher aides training, and curricular reform.

The effects of these contractual projects are difficult to discern. Some projects are planning facilities not yet built; some train a minute portion of the city's teachers; some affect children after the school day, or during the summer. But each represents the willingness of a centralized authority to give up some of its power, or at least to allow an agency outside of the system to do work for schoolchildren under the school department's aegis. Slowly and clumsily, control over small areas of a public school enterprise has been decentralized through contractual arrangements. The cities' school departments have softened their resistance to, and suspicion of, alien forces such as universities and outside agencies.

Nevertheless, most of these contractual arrangements have not produced large-scale change, because they are too small and involve only new activities with new money. They seldom shift control over already existing activities. The school department accommodates energetic people who can raise money to do research, plan schools, develop evaluation schemes, or provide new services to public school children; but the projects are really only small additions to the main fabric of the system: the basic warp remains unchanged. The school department tolerates their existence because it is aware of the limitations of reform in this manner. Once, at a meeting of the Boston School Committee, an associate superintendent draped an arm around the shoulders of a younger school official, and, looking squarely at a university-based reformer, said, "Don't worry, kid, they'll be gone soon." He was right. Most outside reformers come and go and therefore can be harmlessly absorbed into the school system; under contract, they can do little harm, and they will seldom press for large-scale change.

A potentially more important challenge to centralized control has come from a small, politically sophisticated group of suburban citizens—principally from Brookline, Newton, and Lexington—which has grouped and regrouped over the past six years for a variety of causes, most of which have been alternatives to the Boston public schools. In union with black residents of Boston, this group helped push the Racial Imbalance Act through the state legislature, and then organized and

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found funding for METCO (Metropolitan Council for Educational Opportunities), a project that buses 1,000 black children to schools in these and other suburbs. This coalition's latest project has been the formation of the Committee on Community Educational Development, which is trying to obtain state funds for a multi-sited experimental school to serve the greater Boston area.

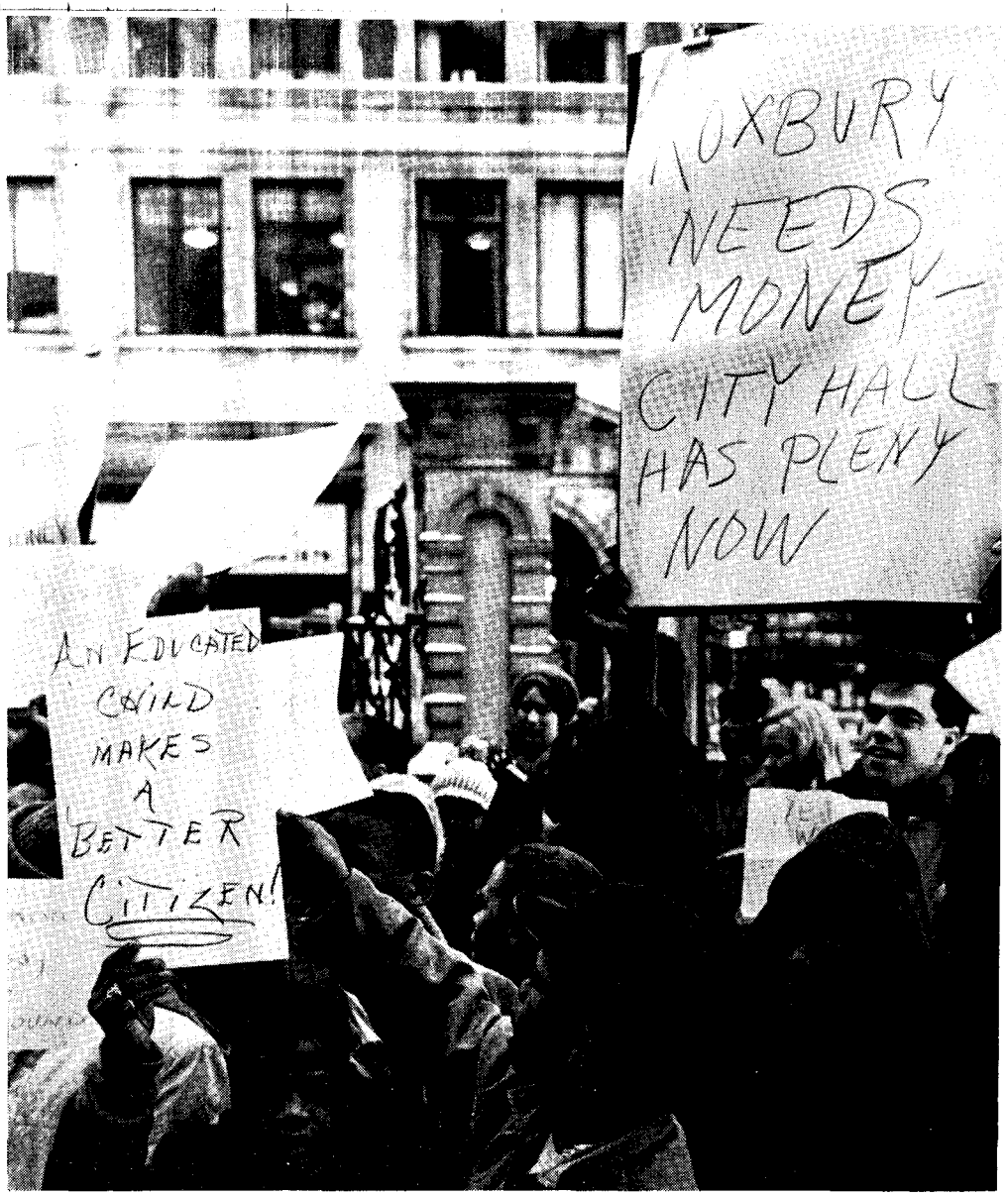
This reform coalition, dominated by private citizens, has been exceedingly effective in generating projects that affect small but significant numbers of Boston schoolchildren. The coalition has not worked with the Boston school department in any sense and, like the contractors, it has had relatively little direct effect on the public schools.

This coalition's efforts have been complemented by black-initiated efforts to produce alternative schooling. Three private schools, largely financed from outside the black community but controlled by black parents and professionals, are directly benefiting about three hundred children this year. Perhaps three-quarters of these children would have been in Boston public schools.

These schools and METCO provide living examples that black children can be well educated. They exist as a counter-thesis to the defeatism of many professionals, but so far they have had virtually no large-scale effect on the public schools. Boston teachers and administrators hardly ever visit either the private schools or the suburban METCO schools.

Although it would seem that exemplary, well-publicized private schools would stimulate the city's public system to competitive activity, they simply take some of the heat off elected and appointed school officials. Large-scale change emanates from deeply felt tension; the alternative systems are safety valves for tension. Furthermore, the free-enterprise model has little to commend it as a device for system-wide reform, unless all the consumers have an equal opportunity to participate. There are 93,000 schoolchildren in Boston. The combined alternative systems serve about 1,300 children.

Of the three types of procedures for bringing about massive change, only Boston's two subsystems, which are both situated in Roxbury, seem to have a chance for even minimal success. The first, the Model Demonstration Subsystem, consisting of an elementary, a junior high, and a high school, is in its third year of operation. It was conceived before the clamor for community control reached Boston, and until recently parents were allowed, at the most, an informal, advisory role.



"Change seems to come when enough citizens with a real stake—their children—demand their educational rights from the public schools."

The model subsystem is an experiment controlled by insiders—a small cadre of Boston teachers willing to gamble their careers to prove, within the school system, that black children can learn if they are given a chance. The original intent was to shift to those teachers the control of a piece of the system itself (in this case three schools serving 900 children), in order to make the schools in that subsystem more responsive to the needs of those children, and to find ways for reforming the system as a whole.

Boston's model subsystem has survived three years of perilous adventures trying to wrest modest autonomy from the central school authorities. As Evans Clinchy has reported [*SR*, Nov. 16, 1968], there is exciting learning going on in the subsystem, especially at the Boardman Elementary School. But the original rhetoric of large-scale effect has been muted: the model subsystem so far has had no more effect on the Boston public schools than the private alternative systems or the contractual projects. Until this spring, the subsystem had to conform to standard procedures. It had more money to spend and considerable independence in curricular development; but, try as they did, the model subsystem's administrators could not alter personnel policies, which are at the heart of any major reform.

These administrators' futile attempts to change personnel policies were always kept quiet and private. Like university-based reformers, the model subsystem's professionals are under contract; by the rules of the bureaucratic game they cannot publicly challenge school department decisions.

Boston's other subsystem, the King-Timilty Advisory Council, operates in an entirely different manner. The council grew out of the efforts of Operation

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Exodus, a community group in Roxbury that started busing black children to underutilized white schools within the city in the fall of 1965, taking advantage of Boston's open enrollment provisions. Exodus officials have continued to insist on self-determination for Roxbury schoolchildren.

During the past year, some Exodus officials have developed the King-Timilty Advisory Council, which was formed to improve the operation of a subsystem of two black junior high schools and their ten feeder elementary schools—4,500 children in all. The advisory council is now composed of elected parents and elected teacher representatives. It is intended to operate like a neighborhood school board, formally recommending policy changes to the central, city-wide elected school committee. Unlike Boston's older subsystem, parents have had a central role in the King-Timilty Council since its inception.

Among attempts to shift power over the past six years, only the tactics of the King-Timilty Council have produced sufficient tension with the larger system to cause alarm within the school department and in the elected school committee. This alarm has not been occasioned by any extraordinary change that the council has effected in the educational processes of these schools; but the council—responding to pressure from its critics and friends in the black community—has pressed publicly for a new sort of change: it has sought to have substantial influence on the hiring and firing of personnel, including administrators.

Partly because the demands touch one of the most sensitive areas of a bureaucracy — personnel — and partly because the advisory council has chosen to deal directly with the school committee *in public*, the results have been confusion and endless, bitter debate. The council is attempting to improve the education of children where they are, not by busing them away nor by removing them to private schools. Its funds come from the federal government through the school department, and every change it makes must be approved by the school committee.

The King-Timilty Council, like Boston's older model subsystem, not only must find better ways to educate children, it must find those ways within the context of the public schools and convince the elected authorities that those better ways are valid. By challenging the efficacy and justice of the school system's methods of personnel selection, retention, and promotion as its first public act, the council has a chance to change radically a process that is centrally significant to the system.

Chances of effecting significant change in this process are slim but real, as the Council showed by successfully demanding last fall that black administrators be appointed to the King and Timilty schools. Extreme pressure from militant quarters, including threats of violence, clearly played a part in this success. Whether or not such pressure will be necessary for future reforms, the precedent has been set and has not gone unnoticed by other parents. If the council is able to demonstrate consistently that the significant involvement of parents and teachers in decision-making can improve the education of children in those schools, its actions will have ramifications for the whole of Boston.

Community efforts such as experimental schools and busing programs "have had virtually no large-scale effect on the public schools."

Changes of a similar nature—and some even more dramatic—have been made in some of the contractual ventures, but a school system deals relatively easily with projects that involve change if the change stays private, i.e., within the bureaucratic-political, rather than within the public-political, sphere. School department officials are willing to accept quite unusual ideas, if the process of negotiation is discreet and quiet. They prefer to handle problems within the bureaucratic structure and across institutional bureaucracies — without recourse to the elected school committee. With patience and tact an outsider can effect many changes as long as he remains out of the limelight of the public-political process.

The rules of the game are fairly clear. Limited change is allowed, if the would-be changer stays within the private confines of the appointed school department officials. As soon as he steps into public confrontation, he runs the risk of being blocked.

The King-Timilty Council, at this moment, has a double problem. It is seeking change by pressing for control over decisions so far held to be the exclusive province of the elected school committee responding to the recommendations of its appointed officials; unlike the Boardman parents, it is pressing publicly—without being in the conventional private style.

Why does this private approach seem to be so necessary? Critics and noncooperators, especially from the more militant groups in Roxbury, insist that the private style enables the school department to control potential critics. By the rules of the game, a reformer cannot be both critic and contractor.

I suspect another reason is equally important. Change has to occur almost surreptitiously in a centralized system. If it is brought into public notice, it has to be spread too thin to have much impact. A highly centralized bureaucracy like the Boston public schools must *appear* to give equal treatment to all parts of the city under its jurisdiction.

As long as this myth says that equal treatment is the ideal, and as long as equality is measured in inputs (dollars spent) rather than outputs (pupil achievement or parental satisfaction), any publicized increase of expenditures in a single area of the city is bound to raise the hackles of the nonreceivers, even if the increase has no effect on equalizing output. Educators who want change in urban systems have a major job ahead if they want to convince the general public that unequal expenditure is a *sine qua non* of equalization of opportunity. They must

(*Continued on page* 62)

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THE LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF PARSONS COLLEGE

by JAMES D. KOERNER

We are going to build the Harvard of the Midwest. —MILLARD ROBERTS.

We're a factory, that's all. But our product is a college education. A factory for educating kids.
—MILLARD ROBERTS.

If Roberts had kept his mouth shut, he would have been regarded as a genius. —A PARSONS PROFESSOR.

Late in the 1950s a bizarre chapter in the history of higher education in America began to unfold at an obscure college in the Midwest. It happened in the little town of Fairfield, Iowa, a sort of Everyman's hometown. Fairfield lies in the southeastern part of the state in a stretch of rich, rolling countryside that produces some of the world's best crops. Like many other country towns of the plains states, Fairfield evokes a nostalgic response from visitors. It has an assortment of small businesses, some light manufacturing, some grain elevators, a lot of retired farmers, and a neat square that would look like home to millions of Americans over thirty.

As the quiet, comfortable, conservative home of church-related Parsons College, Fairfield is an unlikely backdrop for the playing out of a drama that took place there between 1955 and 1967 with a man named Millard George Roberts on center stage throughout. The theme of the drama can be stated in the form of a few questions that colleges rarely ask themselves.

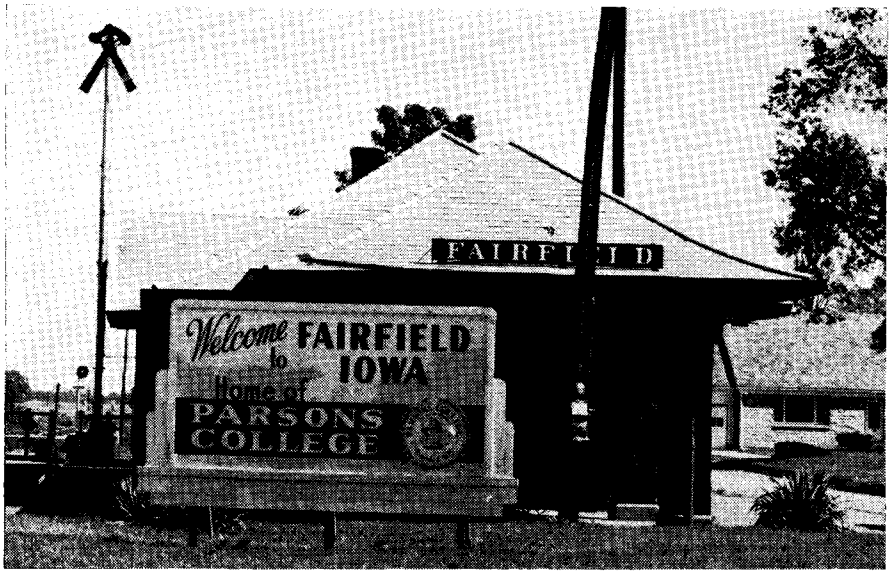
Can you run a college like a canning factory? Can you give economic considerations first priority in making academic decisions? Can you apply the principles of cost accounting to the instructional program? Can you put the curriculum on a production line? Can you get college professors to agree that "productivity" is something they ought to worry about and that their personal productivity—meaning the number of students they teach—should be measured? Can you suppress the faculty's normal preoccupation with its rights and privileges to the point that the institution's president can speak ex cathedra and govern like Louis XIV? Can you inject free enterprise—the profit motive in particular—into higher education? If you do, can you make a profit?

The answer to these shocking and abrasive questions, if we are to judge by the experience of Parsons College, would seem to be "Yes," followed by a loud "but." The instinctive answer of educators, however, to such inquiries so crassly phrased would be a horrified "No!" Therefore, the question of what the Parsons experiment proves or fails to prove is important, however inflammatory. The unenviable reputation developed by Parsons College during the years of Roberts's administration should not block a consideration of its merits regarding the experiment that took place there.

Millard Roberts was a plump Presbyterian minister when he was brought to Parsons in 1955 to save its body, not its soul. Parsons's history up to that time had been unexceptional. The college had been founded in 1875 through a bequest from a Presbyterian merchant of means who wanted to bring piety and opportunity together for the rural youth of an expanding nation. For generations Parsons had done just that on shoestring budgets. After years of up-and-down enrollments that reflected wars and depressions, Parsons arrived at the 1950s in a state of unusual debilitation. Enrollment was down to a few hundred; deficit financing was customary; salaries were ludicrously low; 80 per cent of the faculty had only a Master's or a Bachelor's degree; and the physical plant was in a formidable state of disrepair. The condition of the college, that is, differed only in degree from that of many other small, church-related colleges.

When Roberts's predecessor resigned in 1954, the trustees decided that his replacement should be not so much a scholar as a manager with spirit and dash who could stop the deterioration of the college, round up more students and more money, and maybe run the place with efficiency. They settled on Roberts, who was then a junior minister at the fashionable Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City. Although he lacked experience in educational administration, he had demonstrated at the church a remarkable talent for promotion and fund-raising together with a certain overbearing manner. Several trustees felt that Roberts might not last long at Parsons, but that he was what they needed for a while.

With this open-eyed realism, the Parsons trustees made Roberts—aged thirty-seven, a Republican and a Mason, a proven money-getter, and a promising manager—the sixteenth president of the institution at an uninspiring salary of $8,400 a year. Roberts's career at Parsons began with a flamboyant inauguration put together with the help of a public relations firm at a cost that scandalized many friends of the ailing college, including some trustees. Roberts's "ascension," as it was quickly dubbed by the students, garnered some national attention in the press and was



"Can you inject free enterprise into higher education?"

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an accurate augury of his administration.

For the rest of his stormy career at Parsons, Roberts chased the nymph publicity across the land and caught her with great frequency. He brought enterprise, imagination, and gargantuan energy to the art—if it is an art—of academic ballyhoo. He moved both himself and his college from total obscurity to national notoriety in a short time. But twelve years after his arrival at Parsons, Roberts had overreached himself so far and so publicly that the trustees at long last brought him to judgment, fired him, abrogated his five-year contract, and relieved him of salary and benefits, which at $75,000 a year had made him the highest-paid college president in the country. Between the hiring and the firing, Roberts put into effect a number of revolutionary, financially motivated ideas at the college. Taken together these ideas were sometimes called the Parsons Plan, a package that Roberts tried to sell to anybody who would listen.

What was the Parsons Plan? First, it was a misnomer. There was never a "plan" in the sense that a systematic and coherent program of college management was created at Parsons. What was created was a series of rather haphazard trial-and-error experiments with economic aims. Some of the experiments succeeded, more or less, and eventually added up to something people called a plan. It was less a plan than a collection of expedient, complementary procedures and controls full of faults and abuses but with many useful elements. As they developed, the main components of the Parsons Plan might be summarized as follows:

First, an open-door admissions policy was established and combined with an intensive campaign of student recruitment. As every second-rank college knows these days, the name of the game—the game of survival—is students. The first thing Roberts had to do in order to solve the institution's money problems was to increase the enrollment. Putting his entrepreneurial mind on the matter, he analyzed his market and saw that he would have to go much farther afield in search of students than Parsons or similar colleges had ever gone before. He had to go where students were to be found in the greatest numbers, where tax-supported institutions were not adequate to the demand for places, and where parents were most likely to have money with which to send their kids away to college. This reasoning led him to mount a concentrated recruiting drive on the northeastern seaboard in such states as New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut.

But he had to have something to sell when he got there. Students from well-heeled Eastern homes would not be exactly aflame with desire to attend a small college lost in the cornfields of Iowa. Parsons had nothing to sell, except possibly one thing. It might sell access—along with the image of a swinging president. Access was made the lure and proved enormously effective. Parsons soon became known as a college that would take anybody who knocked on the door or could be pushed through it. A small army of recruiters was hired by Parsons to make a special pitch to high school seniors with poor records and to dropouts and flunkouts from other colleges. Parsons presented itself as a rehabilitative institution offering an "open door" and a "second chance" to all, and stressed the counseling and personal attention available, even though at times it was *not* available.

But recruiters for low-prestige colleges nowadays are not always dedicated chaps who love their jobs and are willing to work hard for low salaries. Parsons had to worry about getting its recruiters to produce. To urge them on, the college developed a system of paying its recruiters by the head, a practice considered unethical by professional organizations. Parsons's "headhunters" got one payment for each of their students who sent in a paid application to the college, and a second payment for each one who appeared bodily on the campus and signed up. The college also paid yearly retainers to some high school guidance counselors in exchange for assistance of various kinds in the Parsons recruiting program. At one time, it even paid certain Parsons administrators a fee for every student they—in their capacity as student advisers—managed to *retain* on campus when he was in danger of leaving for some reason.

Millard Roberts—"a man of talents with a fatal flaw."

Ethical considerations aside, the recruiting program got results. In the fall of 1955, when Roberts took over, Parsons had 357 students, 85 per cent of them from Iowa. When he left in 1967, Parsons was the size of a small university with only 6 per cent of its students from Iowa, the total enrollment having climbed to 5,141 at the high point.

Second, Parsons adopted a year-round calendar in 1960 shortly after the University of Pittsburgh had drawn national attention by converting to a trimester system. Parsons converted for the same reason as Pittsburgh: to be able to take in more students and more fees without a proportional expansion in buildings and equipment—in other words, to operate more efficiently. Parsons had better luck with the trimester than Pittsburgh or other colleges, which found it no easy matter to lure students into the summer semester in sufficient numbers to make the system work. Parsons compelled new applicants with poor high school records to sign up for the summer semester if they wanted to be admitted in the fall. It also compelled its regular students who had below-average grades during the fall or spring semesters to return the following summer to make repairs on their records. The summer term was never the financial equal of the other two semesters, but it made a major contribution to the economics of the Parsons Plan.

Third, a sharply limited curriculum was instituted. Following the strong advice of Beardsley Ruml's *Memo to a College Trustee* in 1959 and of his own consultants, Roberts performed some surgery on the Parsons course offerings. But even more important was the policy of compulsory birth control that he established after the surgery, refusing to add new courses as he added new students. The result was that a great many Parsons courses came to have a great many students in them, a handsome financial proposition. He created one of the most extensive "core curriculums" on record, consuming the entire first two years of the student's program in twenty compulsory, large lecture courses. He then restricted most departments of the college to eight upper-division courses, requiring them to go through the punishing experience of distilling the essence of their disciplines into a fraction of the number of junior and senior courses offered in most institutions. By 1966 Parsons was probably giving fewer courses in relation to enrollment than any but a handful of special American colleges.

Fourth, Roberts stressed good teaching as a key part of his plan. He

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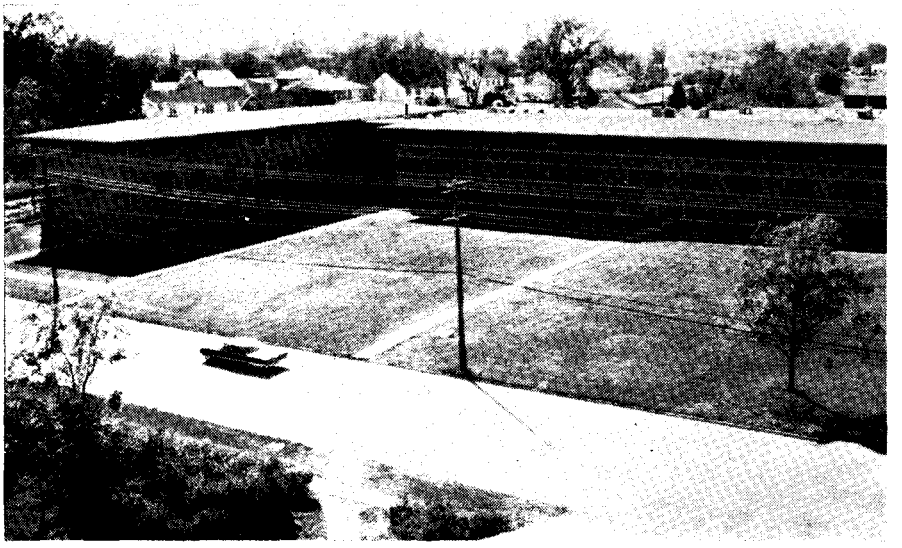
launched a major faculty recruiting drive for the best-qualified Ph.D.s he could find anywhere in the country, offering them salaries that raised eyebrows all over academe. He insisted that faculty members give their full time to teaching and restrict research activities to their semester off. To combat the lack of personal attention for students in the big lectures of the core curriculum, he developed a system that he somewhat pompously called team teaching. The general idea was that the lecturing at Parsons would be done by Ph.D.s, that smaller discussion groups would be conducted by M.A.s, and that personal tutoring for marginal students would be done individually by B.A.s.

Like his drive for students, his drive for good faculty members also got results. He brought in a large number of well-qualified people at salaries that by 1967 ranged from about $5,500 for the lowest-paid tutor to $40,000 for the highest-paid professor. The Parsons faculty worked hard for good pay and offered high-quality instruction. The caliber of the Parsons faculty was one of the outstanding virtues of Roberts's plan.

Fifth, Roberts was able to charge well for Parsons's services because of the kind of students he recruited. He did not charge all the market would bear and was neither exorbitant nor out of step with many private institutions, but he kept tuition and fees rising pretty steadily. Also, he knew better than anyone else that volume makes a difference in education as in industry, and that his costs would go down disproportionately as the number of students went up; thus an indirect way of raising tuition was to raise the enrollment. At the end of his time at Parsons, Roberts was charging about $2,300 for a conventional academic year for board, room, and tuition, and $3,400 for a full year of three semesters. That is higher than the small, church-related colleges to which people are prone to compare Parsons, but the college was then no longer small or church-related.

Sixth, Roberts saved a lot of money on buildings. He thought that one of the vices most prevalent in American colleges was their devotion to elaborate and expensive buildings—"monuments," he liked to call them, "to the vanity of adults." Education did not need to be conducted, he would say, in an environment of "pillars and pomp"; the purpose of a higher education was "not greatly aided by high spires, vaulted ceilings, and marble exteriors."

He illustrated this spartan conviction by putting up a collection of buildings at Parsons whose plainness would be hard to match on other campuses. "Motel modern," it was called by the students. He boasted to his audiences that he had constructed buildings for



Below, Parsons's main administration building situated on the old campus. Above, the "motel-modern" construction of the Roberts era.

$12 a square foot, which is half or a third the cost at other colleges, and that he had completely carpeted and air conditioned them to boot. He was right as far as he went. But he didn't add that cheap construction means high maintenance; that he calculated his square-foot cost in unusual ways; that one reaches a point of diminishing financial return when students start putting their feet accidentally through the walls; that the human soul might require an occasional window (some of Roberts's buildings had none); that elbow room was minimal in his buildings; and that the total result of his approach was as unlovely a bit of construction as one would care to contemplate. But he did demonstrate that a great deal of money could be saved on buildings if esthetics are ignored and certain penalties accepted.

Such, then, were the main ideas that Roberts promoted tirelessly. There was one more, which was what all the others were about—the idea that colleges could make, of all things, a profit instead of a deficit. Parsons, he never tired of saying, was a profit-making college. If other colleges would adopt business and cost-accounting principles in the Parsons mode, they could at last get off the backs of donors, out of the slough of poverty, and not only survive but prosper beyond their dreams. The idea that private colleges could stop begging and actually make money, thereby bringing profit without problems to their host communities, had a natural appeal to businessmen, chambers of commerce, Rotarians, state legislators, and just plain laymen who heard the message. To some of these folk, the name of Millard Roberts became a name to conjure with. To many educators, however, it became a name to spoil lunch with.

The fact is that Parsons never made a profit in the normal sense of the

(*Continued on page* 64)

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FEUER, FREUD, AND THE FATHERS

by OTTO KLINEBERG

THE LITERATURE dealing with recent student action in the universities of the world would fill a substantial library. Not only in the United States, but also in France and Great Britain, publications have been and continue to be prolific. Research goes on, through surveys and public opinion polls, content analysis of the statements of activists, in-depth interviews, life histories, and questionnaires. Sociologists, political scientists, psychologists and psychiatrists, educators, journalists, and many of the student leaders themselves have made their contributions to this literature.

Interpretations of student movements range far and wide: too permissive child training, with Dr. Benjamin Spock regarded as being responsible; a neo-Marxist revolution, with Professor Herbert Marcuse as its prophet; an international conspiracy financed by subversive (Chinese?) elements; anomy and alienation of youth; reaction against the Vietnam war, or war in general; dislike of the consumer society and what it stands for; disillusionment with the competitiveness and the false and hypocritical standards that characterize our times; revolution for its own sake or for the thrills that accompany it; rebellion against a university system that treats young adults as children; the battle for civil rights; the demand for student participation in all decisions that affect them; the attack on the universities as symbols and representatives of a decadent social system; and so on.

Lewis Feuer, formerly with the University of California at Berkeley—where he witnessed and reported on the student uprising—and now at the University of Toronto, has added his interpretation of student movements in *The Conflict of Generations: The Character and Significance of Student Movements* (Basic Books, 543 pp., $12.50). As he has already indicated in a series of articles that preceded the publication of this book, his theory is a universal one, applicable to the revolts that occurred during the last century in Germany and in Russia, as well as to the recent disturbances at Columbia and at the Sorbonne. In essence, his theory holds that student movements represent a revolt of the sons against the fathers, a conflict of generations which can only be understood in Freudian terms as an expression of the Oedipal conflict. The parents undergo a "de-authoritization" (Feuer's term); the young no longer respect them, and the consequence is rebellion.

Feuer has really written two books in one. The first, descriptive and historical, is superb; the second, interpretative and psychological, is doubtful and unconvincing. I found his account of student movements past and present, and in many of the countries of the world, rich in information and fascinating reading. Everyone concerned with student movements at one university or in one country at this particular time could benefit by this opportunity to see the problem in fuller perspective.

In terms of historical data, some of the parallels that Feuer has uncovered between today's revolts and those of earlier times are striking indeed. He writes, for example: "The scene at the University of St. Petersburg (at the turn of the century) was much like the exceptional scene at the University of California sixty years later." And again: "The advisory commission of Moscow University in 1901, for instance, summarized the students' condition in terms which astonish one because they are so like those used to characterize the California students in 1964. The same words appear—'isolation,' 'alienation'—the same plaint of the impersonality of the university, the lack of personal contact with the professors, and the dehumanizing rules and infringements on freedom of speech and assembly." (Many of these same themes entered into the situation at the Sorbonne in 1968.)

Feuer's cross-national perspective is as rewarding as his use of historical material. Having witnessed the troubles at Berkeley, he also met with and interviewed student dissenters in Japan and the Soviet Union. For other areas of the world he relies on a rich and varied documentation, and the bibliographical references alone would justify the publication of this volume. Certainly students—at least some stu-

Otto Klineberg is a well-known educator and psychologist, now at the University of Paris, who has studied and taught in Europe, Asia, and the Americas.

Rudi Dutschke, leader of last year's German student rebellion—Freudian son or social revolutionary?

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dents—are in revolt almost everywhere, although not always for the same reasons. In France, the major reason was an outmoded university system—which had not kept up with the tremendous increase in student population—characterized by huge classes, the inaccessibility of the professors, and a rigid, arbitrary system of examinations; the cry was for "participation" on the part of the students. In Poland, Czechoslovakia, Portugal, and Spain, revolt has been motivated by the desire for more personal freedom, more democracy in the Western sense. One incident in South Africa was a protest against the Government's action in vetoing the appointment of a black professor of anthropology. One in Brazil was related to the dismissal of a number of allegedly left-wing professors. At Columbia University, the revolt took the form of opposition to the war effort (symbolized by the university's support of the Institute for Defense Analysis) and to "racism" (the building of a new gymnasium in a park used by Harlem residents). In Belgium and Canada, student movements have been affected by the conflict between language groups. Elsewhere there have been attempts to abolish examinations; to get rid of unpopular professors, or to demand the reinstatement of more popular ones who have been dismissed; to open the doors more widely to students from underprivileged environments who would normally not be accepted by universities; to protest against international treaties and alignments, and so forth. In many places, too, student revolts are directed against universities as symbols of the larger society; this sometimes is a neo-Marxist revolution, directed equally against the American system on the one hand and Soviet bureaucracy on the other. In this and other instances, students often appear to be much clearer about what they are "against" than what they are "for." It is a temptation to conclude that the students are rebels looking for a cause; sometimes they find one with which adults can sympathize, sometimes not.

Feuer concludes that there is a fundamental unity to student movements; irrespective of time and place, they are responsive to the same psychological mechanisms. They are all essentially due to a conflict of generations, with the young rising up in revolt against the old—their fathers or father substitutes. Feuer sees student movements characterized "by the highest degree of selflessness, generosity, compassion, and readiness for self-sacrifice," but also by the "obscure unconscious workings of generational conflict." There is a widespread feeling that the older generation has failed. Following Freud's *Totem and Taboo*, Feuer writes in his own discussion of the German student movement: "Terrorism and the assassination of symbolic figures of the older generation have become tactics for student movements not because they are politically wise or helpful or conducive to the goals one is seeking on a manifest level; rather they have been adopted because they satisfy the needs of generational hatred on the latent, unconscious level." Just as the sons who killed the father in Freud's "primal horde" were later overcome by remorse and denied themselves the fruits of their parricide, so, too, "suicidal tendencies and self-destructive imagery were traits of the student consciousness because the student activists were punishing themselves; since they were incompletely liberated from their fathers, their unconscious demanded that their symbolic murder of the father be atoned for by self-inflicted death." Elsewhere Feuer suggests that the resort to violence, especially against the police, is to be explained at least in part by such "suicidal" tendencies.

This Freudian-Oedipal theme recurs throughout the volume. Gavrilo Princip, the Bosnian student who killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in 1914, really killed "an imperial father figure." In Czarist Russia the conflict of fathers and sons "generated emotions of guilt which colored all one's social perceptions"; Jewish students in particular suffered a double guilt, since they were rebelling not only against their own fathers but against all the fathers of Russian society. In the case of traditional, "underdeveloped" societies, the major revolt is against gerontocracy, the rule of the elders. In France, Germany, and the United States (where until recently we had a "generational equilibrium") we see the same pattern of rebellion; in Berkeley, described by Feuer as the freest university campus in the United States, the common enemy was "paternalism (a word endlessly repeated) and the System. There were no stepsons; all the activists were sons against the father." The concept of alienation is a key to students' protests everywhere; when alienation is total it takes the form of nihilism, "a generational 'no,' the cultural equivalent of the primal parricide." In a sense the student feels that his guilt is "that of his generational revolt, his would-be parricide. He can conquer this guilt only with the demonstration that he is selfless. . . . To reduce this determinism of unconscious guilt has been one purpose of this study."

This summary hardly does justice to Feuer's ingenious interweaving of psychoanalysis with history and sociology. I can only add that even a careful and

(*Continued on page* 62)

Mark Rudd, Columbia University student leader—Feuer's thesis leaves many questions unanswered.

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Schools Make News

Boosting Black Studies

AFRO-AMERICAN studies received a major boost when the Ford Foundation recently announced grants totaling $1 million to develop curricula in Negro culture and history, and to sponsor summer institutes in these fields for 1,000 white and Negro faculty members. The grants follow a tumultuous spring when black studies were at the heart of many campus conflicts, and they come but months before an academic year when most colleges and universities expect a record enrollment of Negro students.

In announcing the grants, F. Champion Ward, vice president for education and research, made it clear the foundation is not encouraging any separatist trend. Afro-American studies are needed by both black and white, Ward stressed, to improve "our understanding of important aspects of the nation's history and of the origins and experience of America's largest ethnic minority."

Fifteen summer institutes, sponsored jointly with the National Endowment for the Humanities, will help prepare faculty members for teaching Afro-American courses in the fall. The institutes will offer in-depth coverage of such particular topics as Negro history, art, and literature, in addition to a general survey of the Afro-American field.

Separate major institutional grants went to Yale University, Howard University, and Morgan State College; grants also went to Princeton, Rutgers, and Lincoln Universities for a cooperative program. The funds generally aim to help develop Afro-American courses, increase faculties, and expand available research materials.

Riot Bill Halted

A LAST MINUTE rally by liberals and the academic community appeared to halt Congressional forces seeking a "campus-riot bill" that could have cut off federal aid to colleges. The bill would have demanded that, before receiving federal funds, colleges must submit to the U.S. Commissioner of Education a code of conduct outlining limits on campus demonstrations and penalties for violations.

As support mounted throughout May and early June, the bill seemed certain to be passed to the House floor by the House Education and Labor Committee. Then in mid-June, the academic community, sensing the danger to its autonomy, suddenly rose to defend itself. Testimony against the bill came from presidents of institutions as diverse as the University of Alabama, the University of Michigan, Brandeis University, and Colorado State College. Commissioner of Education James E. Allen denounced the cutoff provision.

The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence issued a special statement warning that repressive legislation was "likely to spread, not reduce the difficulty." The statement continued:

> We counsel patience, understanding, and support for those in the university community who are trying to preserve freedom and order on the campus. We do so in the conviction that our universities and colleges are beginning to learn how to achieve change without disorder or coercion.

A wave of editorials endorsing the commission's statement followed. But what most helped to turn the tide were efforts within the academic community itself to try to regain self-control. An "interim statement" by the Harvard faculty, for example, suggested guidelines for "acceptable behavior"—for faculty as well as students—ruling out unequivocally all actions that disrupt the university or threaten persons or property. Other institutions also are attempting to gather a consensus to stabilize the campus community, and Commissioner Allen plans a conference of college officials to offer whatever expertise is available on how best to cope with campus unrest.

—©1969 Herblock.

"Yoo Hoo, Samson—Here I Am"

However, Representative Edith Green, chief sponsor of the bill, warned that now "the bill will be written on the floor" of the House, and may end up even more repressive. The Commission on Violence declared there can be no simple solution to campus unrest since "its roots lie deep in the larger society." Magnanimously the commission urged:

> One effective way for the rest of us to help reduce campus disorders is to focus on the unfinished task of striving toward the goals of human life that all of us share, and that young people admire and respect.

To which Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* remarked: "Now *there* would be something really useful for Congress to do. Fat chance."

Keeping Up

THE CITY of Brockton, Massachusetts, has long considered itself unfairly cast in the shadow of nearby Newton, which boasts one of the best educational systems in the country. Come September, however, Brockton will catch a bit of the spotlight itself when it opens the largest high school in the East. The school fathers hope the impressive installation, comprised of nine interconnected buildings on eighty-one acres, will serve as a capstone to innovations developing throughout the system in recent years.

Brockton has been second only to Springfield (which has twice the population) among Massachusetts cities in obtaining federal funds for new educational programs. An aggressive director of educational research and development has gone after monies for such projects as Operation Smooth-Out, which helps elementary school youngsters transferring to Brockton from other communities to adjust to their new schools; a work-study program to prevent dropouts; a project for juvenile offenders that involves cooperation from the police, courts, probation officers, and clergy; and Ceiling Unlimited, a nongraded program stressing independent study and projects for talented junior high school students who are not necessarily high academic achievers.

The nongraded concept has gradually been introduced throughout the system, and the new high school is intended to complete the pattern. The building is designed on the "house" plan. The larger school, serving the entire secondary school population of 4,500, is broken into smaller units to give students the greater sense of identity found in smaller schools, while offering the benefits of an enriched

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curriculum possible only in a larger institution.

The high school will be broken into four "houses" of about 1,100 students each. Each house—made up of all four classes—will have its own headmaster, faculty, counseling service, clubs, newspaper, and student council. Other buildings will house art studios, science laboratories, industrial arts shops, and physical education facilities. Libraries in each academic section will be "instruction resource centers," housing tapes, film strips, etc.

The school is designed to help ensure full integration and to provide a modern flexible education in a town whose school population has more than doubled in the last ten years. The cost of the building has nearly doubled since its conception, and its detractors refer to it as the Taj Mahal. Its proponents hope it will be one school that isn't outdated before it opens and that it will give Brockton the place it seeks on the educational map.

Culture Begins at Home

IT STARTED as an idea to get school children in the hills of Georgia interested in reading and writing; it turned out to be a first-rate magazine of literature and folklore—*Foxfire*, written, edited, and designed by students in grades eight through twelve, in Rabun Gap, Georgia.

When Eliot Wigginton left Cornell a few years ago to start teaching in Rabun Gap, he found his students unfamiliar not only with formal literature and culture, but with the culture of their own hills and homes. "How many of you know how to split shingles out of an oak?" he asked them. "How many of you know how to go into the woods and find enough edible plants to make a meal?" No one knew. The crafts, remedies, recipes, tales, and superstitions handed down orally were in danger of being lost forever. Only the students' grandparents knew, and the lore was dying with them, because no one seemed to care about it anymore.

Wigginton suggested the students find out about these skills and stories, write them down, start a magazine. The youngsters took to the idea at once. They spent after-school hours and then summers scouting the region, talking with neighbors and relatives, recording tales, collecting home remedies, learning to build a log cabin—even how to hide a still. They put all this into the magazine as they learned it, describing it with a freshness of detail to inspire the reader to follow the directions and do it himself.

Besides the folklore, the magazine offers poetry, short stories, drawings, and photography by both students and professional artists from other towns and states. The *Foxfire* editors (all students) discuss and select the manuscripts for publication, deciding for themselves which are good, which bad, and why. They write many of the stories themselves and contribute some of their own poetry. Their work has been recognized and supported by the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines and by the Newport Folk Foundation. The original tenth-graders who started *Foxfire* graduated last month. All of them are going to college, no common event in an Appalachian town.

Wigginton is convinced that "if youngsters get excited enough, they can do just about anything and do it well." He also believes that this sort of project should be started in other culturally distinctive areas of the country where old wisdom and know-how are fading—among the Indians, the Cajuns of Louisiana, the people of the Ozarks, the Southern Negroes, in waterfront towns, and in the black ghettos of Northern cities, for example. While learning to read and write well, students will also be preserving valuable sections of Americana. —B. B. S.

Poems from "Foxfire"—The poems below, written by high school students, appeared in recent issues of "Foxfire". ("Foxfire" is published quarterly in Rabun Gap, Georgia 30568. Subscriptions are $4 a year.)

The Lady of the Dawn

The billowing clouds roll on in
infinite motion while laughing
at the fate of man.
The thunder speaks, casting bolts
of lightning at the trees
below.
The wind howls like the voice of
doom, and the rain drenches
all in its mindless wrath.
Even the great oaks bend beneath
the ceaseless torrents while
lesser trees shatter.
Amid it all stands the Lady of
the Dawn, her face bathed
in sunlight, and her hair
falling about her shoulders
like the weight of the world.
She is the mother of thought,
the teacher of reason.
She and her children stand
alone in peaceful splendor,
daring to think wondrous
thoughts.

—JETT SMITH.

To Be

Today must die,
because it was begun that it might
end.
There could be no togetherness
if we were never alone.
It would mean nothing to laugh
if there were never any
tears.
We could not rest
if we were never tired.
There is no end
without a beginning.
A smile could not brighten a face
that never knew a frown.
To be sad
is to have the ability
to enjoy happiness.

—LEWIS WILD.

Life is a gamble.
Like a man with loaded dice.
Few go home happy.

—STEVE BURRELL.

A ship I see in every fleece
that sails across the sky.
A bolder man has never sailed
a ship as brave as I.
Bronze and steel, swords of fire,
battles and roaring guns;
I place myself in every play
as "king of every sun."

—BRYNDA CLARK.

The breeze blows gently
Like the passing by of time
In the midnight hour.

—BARBARA CRUNKLETON.

Over the mountains
Into the valleys, roams my dog.
I wish he were home.

—DAVID HENDRIXON.

You can't kill free wind—
Only build shelters to hide.
She's God's creation.

—LYNNE ALLEN.

The world is a stage.
The clouds lift like huge curtains.
A new day is born.

—STEVE BURRELL.

Blackberry winter,
An old-timer's expression,
Is in the air now.

—ED PAGE.

I attire myself in
many different
garments,
But I am conscious of my choice
so I will not be exempt from the
majority . . .
I see individuals
harnessed for corruption,
and yet I seek the same . . .
Worshiping only man,
and it is man
who has sentenced me
to death.

—BRYNDA CLARK.

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A View from the Campus

Paul Woodring

An Optimistic View of Campus Unrest

NO LIVING EDUCATOR has been a more consistent advocate of reform in higher education than Harold Taylor, who translated his philosophy into a program during his fifteen-year presidency of Sarah Lawrence College. Taylor's educational philosophy, which stems directly from that of his mentor and friend John Dewey, is progressivism in its best form, relatively free of the clichés and dogmas that have made other versions of progressive education vulnerable to satire. To Taylor, as to Dewey, a progressive educational institution is one that rejects the academic traditions of scholarship and bases its program on the interests and needs of the students. It gives each student a considerable amount of responsibility for planning his own program, emphasizes self-discipline rather than that which is imposed by adults, and uses interest rather than external rewards as the motivation for learning. It places education at the advancing edge of the social movement and, hence, is linked to progressivism in politics and social reform.

Progressivism, thus defined, has provided the basic philosophy for only a few American colleges: Sarah Lawrence, Bennington, Black Mountain, Goddard, to some extent Antioch, and possibly a few of the newer experimental institutions. The central trend in American higher education is based upon different sets of philosophies, some of which stress the importance of cultural continuity, while others emphasize the advancement of knowledge through the disciplined traditions of academic scholarship, and still others provide for the preparation of members of the learned professions.

As a natural consequence of his philosophical convictions, Taylor takes a view of campus unrest that differs sharply from that of other educators. They point with alarm to the breakdown of morale within the academic community, the loss of public support, and the threats to academic freedom that are inherent in the substitution of force for reason. Taylor sees the student revolt as "the healthiest thing that could have happened," because it offers an opportunity to bring about long-overdue reforms which were impossible so long as students were docile, and administrators and professors were complacent.

In *Students Without Teachers: The Crisis in the University* (McGraw-Hill, 333 pp. $7.95), Taylor explores the causes of student unrest, examines the interrelations between mass culture and the academic mind, offers some critical comments on general liberal education in its various forms as found at Harvard, Columbia, and Chicago, and then presents his proposals for reform—which he believes are as applicable to the universities as to small colleges and even more necessary in the larger institutions.

Taylor contends that the universities are "entangled in a crisis of their own making, the crisis of neglect." He believes that students rebelled because "they were without teachers to whom they could give their loyalty, respect, and trust," and that they "turned to each other for intellectual and moral leadership they failed to find in their elders." To correct the defects, he supports the demand of students for more power within the university. He argues for "the *necessity* of a grant of authority and genuine decision-making power to the students, not merely the desirability of such power." He would give students responsibility not only for their personal lives, but for designing their own curriculum; consequently, there would be no fixed requirements for graduation.

Because the student revolt has indeed prepared the way for change, such proposals have a much better chance of acceptance today than they would have had a generation ago or even a decade ago. The traditional grading system is under assault on many campuses. Many students now enjoy almost complete freedom in their personal lives so long as they live within the laws that govern all adults. Many colleges now give students seats on curricular committees and other policy-making bodies, and a small but growing number give them some voice in the selection and retention of faculty members.

Whether these changes will lead to better education remains to be seen. Although it is true that a student is better motivated, works harder, and usually learns more when he is studying what he wants to study, a college degree based upon a completely elective system with no grades and no established standards of achievement would have no meaning except as a certificate of attendance. Although students can contribute notably to curriculum-making, the faculty cannot safely surrender all its responsibility, because all formal education rests upon the assumption that the younger generation has something to learn from its elders. If this assumption is held to be false, if we accept the romantic notion that the older generation is hopelessly corrupt and that all virtue and wisdom resides in youth, we should close the colleges or at least quit paying salaries to professors.

In his insistence that his proposals are as necessary and feasible in large institutions as in small ones, Taylor ignores the necessary distinction between undergraduate colleges—which are primarily educational institutions—and universities, which have additional responsibilities. Even if it is agreed that students can judge the competence of professors as classroom teachers, it does not follow that they are qualified to select the scholars and scientists that will contribute most to the advancement of knowledge.

As a result of his enthusiasm for reform and his admiration for reformers, Taylor fails to distinguish with sufficient clarity between the large number of idealistic students who want to reform higher education and the smaller but more conspicuous group of true anarchists whose announced goal is to destroy the institutions of higher learning. By failing to recognize this distinction he makes himself vulnerable to the charge that he is lending his support to students who burn books, hold administrators hostage, deny academic freedom to those with whom they disagree, and threaten the total breakdown of the university.

When he blames the professors for student unrest, Taylor overstates his case—it is impossible to believe that there are no faculty members at Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, or Stanford to whom students "could give their loyalty, respect, and trust," yet all these institutions have been the scene of violence.

The merits of the book, however, far outweigh its defects. Harold Taylor knows his subject well; he writes with style and verve. He understands the views of radical youth and presents them sympathetically. He offers a redefinition of the role of a student in an institution of higher learning. His analysis of the defects of conventional institutions of higher learning and his proposals for reform are firmly grounded in his philosophical convictions. Since there is little doubt that dramatic reforms are necessary—and are coming—*Students Without Teachers* can be read with profit by students as well as by professors and administrators who are willing to look for new approaches to higher education.

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Book Review

TEACHING AS A SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY

by Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner

Delacorte Press, 218 pp., $5.95

WITH A BOOK as exciting as this one you can start anywhere because wherever you are, that's where it's at. I prefer to start at the end of this joint effort by Professors Neil Postman of New York University and Charles Weingartner of Queens College:

> The new education has as its purpose the development of a new kind of person, one who—as a result of internalizing a different series of concepts—is an actively inquiring, flexible, creative, innovative, tolerant, liberal personality who can face uncertainty and ambiguity without disorientation, who can formulate viable new meanings to meet changes in the environment which threaten individual and mutual survival.
>
> The new education, in sum, is new because it consists of having students use the concepts most appropriate to the world in which we all must live. All of these concepts constitute the dynamics of the questing-questioning, meaning-making process that can be called "learning how to learn." This comprises a posture of stability from which to deal fruitfully with change. The purpose is to help all students develop built-in, shockproof crap detectors as basic equipment in their survival kits.

And that takes us back to the first chapter which is entitled "Crap Detecting," and which concerns itself with developing in students the ability to deal with what Professor Postman once called "language pollution."

Language pollution is more than the professional lie told by politicians and doctors for the good of their constituencies and patients, like denying U-2 for a week or saying everything's fine when it isn't. Language pollution is also the professional lie which, if we listen a little to Marshall McLuhan, is in the very constitution of our teaching. Postman and Weingartner try to peg it as a symbol of man's enslavement to his words, his concepts, his fanatical faith in something called "fact," and the missionary insanity of school people, plain citizens, and parents who are still trying to feed Moby Dick's blubber to their children. And people wonder why those same children have turned into revolting ingrates. The message and the massage are clear. The young sense the lie, but not having learned the critical arts, they can only rebel and trust that revolution will take place.

This book says: Let's stop labeling. Let's expose the labels which have been masquerading as things. Let's stop pretending that we really know Columbus discovered America and admit it's the best conjecture we can make, having looked at all the data now available to us. We are being asked to teach young people the processes by which they can come to their own judgments as to what they will choose to believe, given the same collection of data. And teach them to question the data too, since that is part of the process of inquiry.

If this sounds subversive, then good. It comes out of a magnificent tradition that includes Whitehead, Dewey, Korzybski, Robert Browning, Noam Chomsky, and Jerome Bruner. It reaches back to Socrates (from what we can gather about him) and Descartes, and forward to whoever will be following us in the next few years, whose work will be corrupted by mistranslations, misinterpretations, misrepresentations, and misapplications because so many school people, citizens, and parents will snap back in anger for the daring challenges to their most precious shibboleths. We know what really *is*, we know what is *good*, we *know*. No, we don't. We only *think* we know.

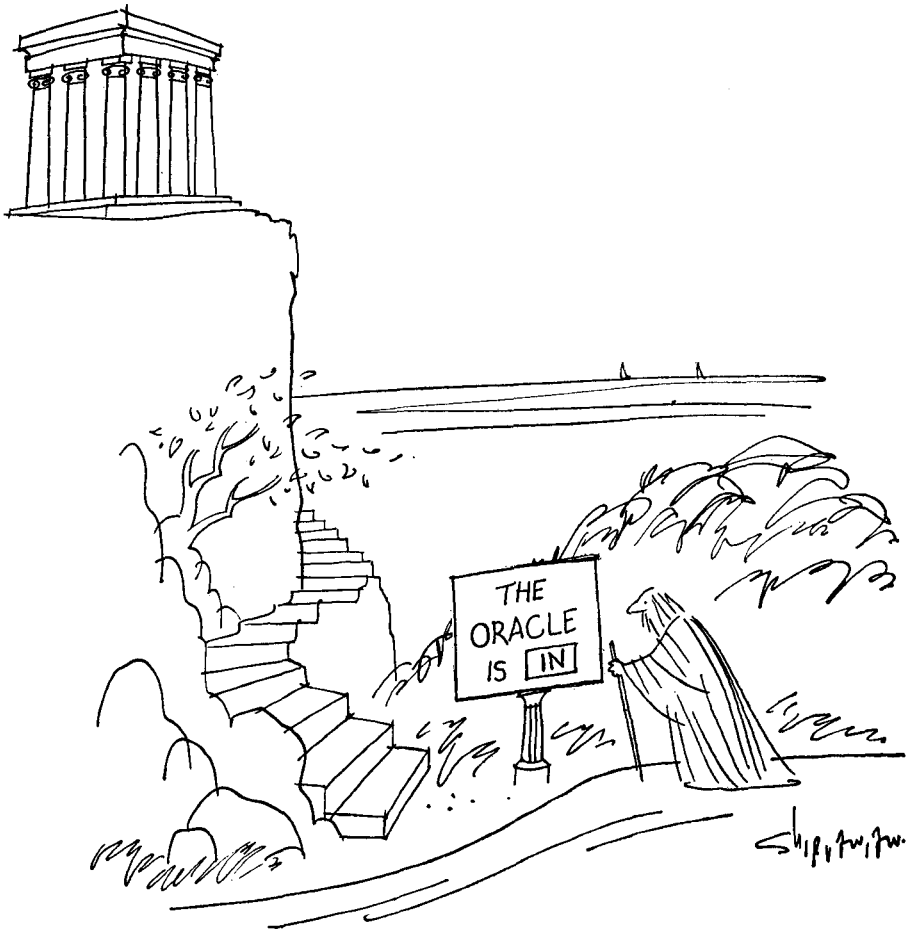
It will take courage to read this book. The delicate will be turned off with the words "crap detecting" because they are hung up in their own semantic cobwebs. The powerful will turn aside because they will be feeling the teeth of bulldogs Postman and Weingartner tugging at the trousers of their authority. The insecure will hide under the satin edges of their security blankets, unaware that their frantic gripping has exposed their feet to the cold night air of reality.

But those who are asking honest questions—what's wrong with the worlds in which we live, how do we build communication bridges across Generation Gap, what do they want from us?—these people will squirm in the discovery that the answers are really within themselves.

And all in the name of education and the process of being subverted into teaching for real.

Charles J. Calitri

Charles J. Calitri is associate professor of education at Hofstra University and author of "Rickey," "Strike Heaven on the Face," and "Father."



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Feuer, Freud, Fathers

Continued from page 57

interested reading of the volume leaves me unconvinced. As one who admires Freud for his gift of a greater insight into human behavior than anyone else has supplied, I still have serious questions about Feuer's application of psychoanalytic concepts to the complicated problem of student revolt. For one thing, *Totem and Taboo,* which supplies the theoretical underpinning for Feuer's book, is one of the least satisfying of Freud's publications, criticized by anthropologists and psychoanalysts alike. In addition, Feuer's thesis leaves too many fundamental questions unanswered. Why are some students more in revolt than others? Do the activists have a more negative attitude toward the father figure than those who have remained quiet? (Some recent research appears to indicate just the opposite.) Why is there so much more revolt among students than among non-students? Is there any reason why the latter should be more prepared to respect parental authority? Do the students not have some legitimate reasons for complaint — the Vietnam war, racism, their status in the community, the outmoded structure of the universities in some cases, the lack of freedom of expression in others? In India, Feuer tells us, there has been no student movement and no de-authorization; are Indian students satisfied with what their fathers have done? Why should there be more revolt against well-to-do and successful fathers than against those who are poor? Why do young people, including students, sometimes accept father figures, like Eisenhower in the United States, de Gaulle (until recently) in France, Mao in China? Why should revolt against the fathers be accompanied by sexual asceticism (for Freudian reasons) at one time and place, and almost complete sexual liberty at others? Is battling the police really to be explained as a suicidal tendency? Must the move to get rid of an unpopular professor be related necessarily to generational revolt (as a father substitute) even when the professor is deservedly unpopular?

Perhaps it is unfair to present Professor Feuer with a list of questions difficult to answer, but it seems to me that they are all pertinent to his particular explanation of student movements. He has made a real contribution to our knowledge, but he has not been so successful in adding to our understanding. What this amounts to is that I prefer Feuer without Freud.

"Something tells me this is going to be one of those days."

Tension

Continued from page 52

plan unequal expending cleverly, lest it backfire.

Herein, incidentally, lay a fundamental mistake of the King-Timilty planners. A windfall from the U.S. Office of Education was so attractive that they would not consider plans to spread some of the money to similar

projects in other areas of the city. They won the battle for funding, but they may have lost the political war because local control in Boston now, more than ever, means black control. As of the end of June, the King-Timilty Council and the school committee appeared to be on the verge of a showdown, the outcome of which might very well mean the end of the advisory council. The money could have been so spread that projects in several white and racially mixed sections of the city would have been raising simultaneously the same questions as the King-Timilty Council. (I should also add that OE guidelines prevented this spread. OE planners wanted a concentration of resources. They were planner-right and politician-wrong.)

The major hope for future system-wide change in Boston — and other cities with large, entrenched school bureaucracies—appears to lie in the example set by the King-Timilty Council and the recent action of the Boardman parents in the model subsystem. Either through the planning of new schools or through programs like Boston's recently funded Model Cities Program, similar coalitions of citizens and teachers will continue to press publicly for fundamental change of procedures in subsystems within larger systems. If they can find funding that allows them to survive, they may have important effects on the system as a whole. Half-a-dozen subsystem projects, spread across a city, could begin to raise questions about staffing, curriculum, accountability, accessibility, and neighborhood relevance that could multiply tensions to a point where significant, system-wide changes were obtained. Change seems to come when enough citizens with a real stake—their children—demand their educational rights from public schools and begin to play the old but dangerous game of pressure politics.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 46: spare, spear, reaps, pears, rapes.

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Catholic College

Continued from page 49

ing Catholic campuses. The great leap forward of several Catholic schools has been due in some measure to tough-minded and charismatic leaders, and institutions on the make cannot afford to spend their energies on internal pacification programs. With decentralization, mediocrity can protect and perpetuate itself.

By 1969, the "academic revolution" Riesman and Christopher Jencks so perceptively describe has brought fair numbers of research-oriented, publishing, consulting, grant-getting professionals to at least a handful of Catholic universities. This is not the place to argue whether the revolution is to be celebrated or lamented. It is happening and is unlikely to cease, since institutions desirous of upward mobility are unable to turn their backs on the heavily padded research grants such faculty can bring, which allow offices to be furnished and secretaries to be hired, freeing money that would have been spent on salaries or other institutional expenses. The Boston Colleges and Notre Dames seem fated to repeat most of the mistakes of the Princetons and Stanfords, but it is unlikely they can take alternative courses, so long as they remain bent on excellence as it is presently denoted.

Whatever the mixed effects of this revolution in American higher education, it is bound to influence the climate for academic freedom in Catholic colleges and universities. For example, when a man has outside support from a funding agency, he can be more independent of the university (not only because he brings in money but because he enhances its reputation, especially in places where there are relatively few with such support). This may make him more inclined to take a stand on academic freedom matters, including those involving students and their protests. For one thing, the faculty careerist is more likely to be a member of the AAUP and will share the commitments of this organization to both faculty and student interests. Further, he will be more marketable, and thus less constrained than the man who fears the loss of rewards that might be difficult to duplicate elsewhere. While it is possible that the careerist would be so caught up in his own research and grants as to be uninterested in student grievances, most will have been socialized in graduate school to be concerned about such matters. Scholars in the arts and sciences will likely be more committed to academic freedom than engineering and business faculties. It is the latter fields

which seem to attract fewer and fewer students to the Catholic colleges and universities, not only because of the changing social and economic situation of American Catholics but because a revised Weltanschauung makes it difficult enough to justify separate Catholic institutions for the arts and sciences, let alone business and engineering.

This is really the key, the central issue which is behind much of the conflict in Catholic colleges and universities. It is not just a question of solving an identity crisis with a definition; what is at stake is justifying the existence of a separate set of Catholic higher educational institutions.

In a recently revised section of the faculty manual for one of the leading Catholic universities, one of the criteria for dismissal of a faculty member is the "continual serious disrespect or disregard for the Catholic character of this institution." And what is "Catholic character"? Assuming this can be answered, how does one square Catholic with university? When President Jacqueline Grennan led Webster College out from under the aegis of the Sisters of Loretto, she stated that "the very nature of higher education is opposed to juridical control by the church." Yet, as Jencks and Riesman observe, any college is a set of structures and attitudes that enable its faculty and students to work together. Its forms depend on the values its members share. If these are in part religious, the university or college will look different from those which do not attract people who share such commitments. Although Catholic colleges need not be Catholic in only a purely organizational sense (i.e., by being operated by religious communities or any group self-identified as Catholic), in the present state of evolution of the church it is less likely than ever that people who call themselves Catholics will agree on specific doctrinal and behavioral matters. But it does seem that Catholic colleges will attract people who insist that certain questions ought to be asked and actively pursued in higher educational institutions, however diverse the answers to these questions may be.

The Catholic college would exist, then, to provide opportunities for faculty and students who share certain commitments and who wish to explore certain questions, to come together for mutual influence and learning. They would provide environments that would attract, among others, those who wished to discover what it means to be a Catholic Christian, and who sought to do so in a free, yet informed, way. But the colleges would not demand that such commitments be made by all, nor that such questions be asked by all. If religion has academic content value, it would seem to be an important part of a liberal education, and it is possible that the Catholic colleges—by fostering an atmosphere where ultimate questions are asked and a diversity of standpoints presented—would attract those with a high level of personal commitment and promote the dialogue between the church and the contemporary world.

At the same time, it is clear that, if Catholic institutions of higher learning are to be considered real colleges and universities, scholars there must have all the freedom available to them as their colleagues have in other groves of academe. It should also be clear that these Catholic schools do not represent the teaching authority of the church. By definition, a genuine university must be autonomous; it must not be subject to pressure from outside interest groups. For a Catholic university, one such group is the organizational church. But even if something is being taught that is believed to be, in fact *known* to be, contrary to present Catholic teaching, any investigation must be by one's academic peers, with all the procedures of due process observed. If this is not assured, and if the local bishop or papal representative, or any other church official, can interfere with what occurs within a university—including its departments of philosophy and theology—then it will make precious little difference whether deeds to Catholic schools are in the hands of lay trustees, and it will be difficult to disagree with Jacqueline Grennan: higher education *will*, if not by its very nature, then in the practical order, certainly be opposed to church control.

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Parsons College

Continued from page 55

word. It did produce, for most of Roberts's administration, a good deal more "operating income" than was needed for the day-to-day running of the college. Parsons did not have an operating deficit, as distinct from a general deficit, for most of the time Roberts ran it. The final two years of Roberts's regime, the best financially, illustrate the point.

In 1966, Parsons took in nearly $13 million from tuition, fees, and "auxiliary enterprises" that were mostly charges for board and room augmented by revenue from the college bookstore, snack bar, and even pinball machines. The full cost of operating Parsons that year — salaries, administration, food, maintenance, etc. — was a little under $10 million. In 1967, the college collected more than $15,500,000 from the above sources and spent about $13,500,000 to run the campus. Thus the college generated more than $3 million in 1966 and more than $2 million in 1967 that was "excess income." Between 1961 and 1967 Parsons generated $9 million of excess income so defined. In this sense, Parsons made a profit—a big one.

Unfortunately, colleges have capital expenses, not just operating costs. Colleges like Parsons that expand at a high rate have to find huge sums to put up buildings and equip them in advance of the arrival of each year's additional students. Mostly they have to do it with loans or gifts. Roberts transferred the bulk of his excess income into the "plant fund" to apply against the cost of such capital expenses. But it was not nearly enough. He had to borrow millions more for buildings, and even that was not enough (overcrowding was a frequent problem in the Parsons dormitories). The result was that Roberts built a campus with a high book value that was constantly in a financial bind. He took so much money out of income and put it into buildings that he was often in a cash squeeze and unable to pay local creditors on time. The college earned a notorious reputation as a laggard payer of bills at the same time that Roberts was flitting about the country in the college jet talking about his profit.

Moreover, Roberts was, curiously enough, an execrable financial administrator, and he paid a high price for this deficiency. For years the college had a surprisingly loose bookkeeping and purchasing system together with enormous administrative costs that were full of extravagance and waste.

When Roberts arrived at Parsons, the whole campus was valued at about $1 million—though it would have brought less if anyone had been interested in buying it—and had a debt of $700,000. When Roberts left, the campus had a book value of more than $21 million and total assets of more than $22 million. It also had short-term and long-term debts to the tune of $14 million. One way of looking at these figures is to say that the value of the college increased by roughly $8 million during Roberts's administration. That $8 million had been transferred out of excess income into the building program where it was added to the astonishing loans that Roberts was able to corral for the financing of more than $20 million worth of buildings.

So what does it mean? I think it means that if Roberts had stayed out of

trouble with his fellow educators, he would have proved his financial theories, at least for colleges willing to go after a student body like that of Parsons. He would probably have demonstrated that a college following the main elements of the Parsons Plan could survive without gifts, endowments, or a yearly rattling of the cup among friends and trustees. He might even have proved the brazen claim that colleges can make quite a lot of money. He would not have proved that they can buy the necessary buildings outright on a pay-as-you-go basis, but he was not out to prove that. He was out to prove that they could meet the full costs of daily operations, including very high salaries, and at the same time could support the full interest payments on the buildings they needed. They could be, in other words, self-supporting. As things are, what Roberts demonstrated was probable success rather than actual success.

Roberts's methods, alas, were spectacularly unsuited to his purpose, and it will not be an easy psychological adjustment for other colleges to give his ideas a hearing. Roberts would like to have been known as the ingenious, gutsy entrepreneur who battled and beat the powers of darkness in education—inertia, mediocrity, bureaucracy, incompetence, penury — and achieved wealth and fame in the process. Not a bad dream. But Roberts, like Macbeth, was a man of talents with a fatal flaw: "Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself." In his single-minded pursuit of his goals, he broke too many rules of the book of academic etiquette.

Instead of promoting revolutionary ideas with a decorous restraint, he spoke and acted too much like a huckster. Instead of encouraging a spirit of genuine inquiry and intellectual zest on the campus, as one would expect at an experimental college, he fed the air of commercialism that always hung about the place. Instead of honoring the traditional prerogatives of the faculty, or at least genuflecting in that direction occasionally, he reigned more like an absolute monarch. Instead of cultivating his fellow college presidents and seeking their advice—even if he didn't want it—he too often thumbed his nose at them.

In brief, he told too many people on too many occasions in too many different ways to go to hell. Some of them resented it. Resentment turned to rage when Roberts began to create other colleges in the Parsons image. One Parsons was poison to many of Roberts's critics, especially other college presidents in the area, but when Roberts began talking about spawning dozens more like it across the country, and when he had in fact brought into being no fewer than six such satellite colleges in the Midwest, a showdown became inevitable.

Roberts's moment of truth came in April 1967 when the North Central Association, the regional accrediting body, disaccredited Parsons — a disaster for any institution. A long history of strained relations between Roberts and the NCA preceded the final break. In the twelve years of Roberts's reign, Parsons had had no fewer than four full-dress evaluations by NCA visiting teams, in contrast to the NCA's custom of visiting member institutions about once a decade. One of these visits came after an insurgent group of professors at Parsons sent the NCA a document that became known as *The Dissident Report*, containing a long series of charges and specifications against Roberts. As a result Parsons was put on "public probation" for two years, a punitive category invented by the NCA especially for Parsons.

In the light of *The Dissident Report* and the NCA response to it, Roberts suspected a conspiracy against him and the college. He hired private detectives at Parsons's expense to investigate the dissidents, the NCA, certain people in the church, and sundry other individuals. This shabby gumshoeing, involving some elaborate deceptions, produced a number of reports of varying interest and amusement but not much that would sustain a charge of conspiracy in the courts. At one time or another, Roberts threatened litigation against all kinds of people and fell into the habit of introducing lawyers into educational negotiations, including negotiations with and about the NCA. All this hardly endeared him to the accrediting association.

Three of the four reports by NCA visiting teams were favorable on the whole, but all four complained about

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the promotional operations of Parsons and the tendency of the college to make overblown claims in its catalogue. Three of the reports also complained about the lack of institutional research to back up the claims and the general absence of hard data about the quality of the Parsons program. Two of the reports pointedly suggested that Parsons was deliberately misleading the public and the educational community, and the other two hinted at it.

The final scene in which the life and hard times of Parsons College was played out was a tragicomedy that leaves one caught between tears and laughter. In June 1966, *Life* magazine, having sent a reporter-photographer team to Parsons shortly before, published a blistering and satirical article about Roberts and the college. Roberts had expected the article to be favorable, as most of his press had been over the years, and was shocked by what appeared. Both the college and the town of Fairfield are still embittered about the *Life* article, which was in fact a one-sided treatment. But perhaps there was a kind of wry justice in Parsons's being conned by *Life*, in view of the number of journalists that in prior years had been conned by Parsons.

Thus in the end, it was Roberts's appetite for publicity that killed the college. The article set in motion both the NCA and a sequence of events that ended in the disaccreditation of Parsons and the deposing of Roberts. None of the contending forces emerged from the final scene covered with glory; not Roberts, not the Parsons faculty, not the trustees, and certainly not the accrediting association. But it is a long story. Suffice it to say here that Roberts and the college had failed to reckon adequately over a long period of time with a succession of warnings about excessive promotionalism, unsupported claims, and the absence of clear and reliable information about what was happening at the college.

Roberts did misrepresent the quality of the Parsons instructional program. A man given to hyperbole, he was, to put it charitably, careless with statistics not only about the economics of Parsons but about the effectiveness of the program, the response of students to it, the percentage of students who successfully completed the degree, the number that went on to graduate school, etc. The question of how well Parsons was filling its announced role was not easily answered, for the college, as the NCA alleged, failed to gather accurate statistics during most of Roberts's administration. But it never did as well as Roberts claimed.

Judging the quality of the Parsons program depends on what standards one wants to apply to an institution that had mapped out for itself a job for which no precedents existed. No other college took in so many students with poor high school records and so many dropouts from other colleges. What would constitute an adequate job of retrieval? It is not easy to say. Parsons did in fact rescue a good many students whose academic record on arrival was dismal, and did turn them out with creditable degrees. The college was not a diploma mill, as was widely believed, and its degrees would have compared well with those of a great many institutions.

Still, Parsons failed more often than it succeeded. Its attrition rate, that is, was well over 50 per cent. But large-scale failure may be a risk inherent in the Parsons program and is not statistically so different from some other open-door institutions, including some large state universities that take in vast numbers of students and wash them out in tidal waves in a year or two.

What Parsons might have been is as interesting as what it was. It might have been a far-reaching experiment in educational economics that would have been hard for even its natural enemies to ignore. It might have been a unique experiment in how to educate college dropouts and low-ability students, a tormented problem that is going to get worse in the United States. It might have been an exploration of ways to solve a problem everybody talks about but nobody tackles: training college teachers to teach well—the Parsons system of team teaching might have been turned into a supervised apprenticeship of a kind that has never been tried. It might have been an experiment in the financial and educational advantages of an affiliated group of colleges. But all that foundered on the rocks of institutional self-aggrandizement.

Some college may still give the Parsons Plan a genuine try. That college could even be Parsons itself, now on the long road back to respectability. The new Parsons has kept what was promising from the Roberts era and is trying to jettison the rest. If it can survive the trauma of the last two years and recover its accreditation, as it has every prospect of doing, Parsons may prove to be a center of genuine experimentation yet. Meanwhile, other colleges would do well to forget their prejudices and see if there is something they can learn from the Parsons experience. Some of the elements of that experience might be applicable to many American institutions, public and private, and some of these elements, sans the abuses, might be combined into a plan for the salvation of private colleges that are in financial straits—and their name is legion.

Children's Books

Continued from page 43

genius and must have special privileges; Barbie, not in the least an egoist, simply accepts the fact that her violin comes first and that she must have concessions in the way of school schedules and home rehearsal time. The plot, both lively and romantic, has to do with Barbie's being accepted as a pupil by a great teacher. The impressive thing about the book, however, is not the story but the completely convincing way in which an assortment of people, musical and non-musical, recognize the importance of a serious musician's work. The use of Laurel as the narrator makes it possible to see Barbie through the eyes of another child, affectionate and protective, a much more effective device than an adult's approbation would have been. Ages 11-14.

Some Haystacks Don't Even Have Any Needle: And Other Complete Modern Poems. *Compiled by Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders, and Hugh Smith. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 192 *pp.* $4.95. Like the editors' *Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle* (*SR*, Jan. 27, 1968), this is an anthology prepared with discrimination. The selections portray a broad spectrum of modern life; some of the contributors are famous, others are little known. The book is less dignified looking than its predecessor, due in part to the heavy block letters, in part to the more crowded format. The illustrations are full-color reproductions of works of modern art. There are separate author and title indexes. Ages 12 up.

Lorenzo de' Medici and the Renaissance. *By Charles L. Mee and the editors of Horizon Magazine. American Heritage/Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $5.95. It's all here: the crafty wars, the political intrigues, the lavish feasts, the dynasties, and the pyrotechnical display of intellectual and artistic ferment that marked the Renaissance. Lorenzo in his short life was indeed magnificent, and his roles as prince and warrior, poet, lover, and patron are seen against a shrewd analysis of the period and its momentum. Profusely illustrated, almost to the point of distraction, the book seems more integrated than many in the Horizon Caravel series because so much of the text at the close is devoted to Renaissance artists and to Lorenzo's influence in humanism and the arts. Ages 12 up.

Loose Chippings. *By Thomas Gerald Wheeler. Phillips.* 190 *pp.* $4.95. An American professor finds a miniature Utopia in this pleasant fantasy. Driving through the English countryside, Robert Vickery sees a "Loose Chippings" sign (a British road sign) and leaves his car to cross a bridge into an isolated village, where the people are delightful but seem strangely

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reluctant to let him depart. The longer Vickery stays, the more he finds to admire. When he leaves on an errand and tells his story he is sent to a psychiatric home. He escapes, and the policeman trailing him reports that at one point in the road Vickery simply disappeared. He could always be, the doctor says, in Loose Chippings, and he laughs—but wistfully. The writing has an old-fashioned flavor that is most appropriate to the bucolic charm of the setting. Ages 13-16.

The Lost Queen. *By Norah Lofts. Doubleday.* 302 *pp.* $5.95. Caroline-Matilda, Princess of England and sister of George III, did not want to go to Denmark and become its queen, but Mamma said, "In a year you will be so happy, Caroline, that you will look back at this evening and laugh at yourself." The lively and lovely girl who married Christian of Denmark had no idea that her seventeen-year-old husband was diseased and profligate, no reason to think that her children would be taken from her. Lonely and unhappy, Caroline threw herself into an affair that ended disastrously. Her lover was beheaded and she was sent into exile. Tragic, romantic, and true, the story has minimal historical interest, although the background is important. Primarily it is a study in court intrigue, the love between Caroline and Struensee only one factor in the grim affairs of eighteenth-century Denmark. The writing is highly fictionalized, the setting recreated with complete conviction. For young adults.

Untouchable: The Autobiography of an Indian Outcaste. *By Hazari. Praeger.* 198 *pp.* $5.95. Although there has been a relaxation of the caste system, even legislation declaring it unconstitutional, it persists. In an intense and almost painful account of his life, the author shows both the denigrating prejudice that makes it so difficult for the untouchable to gain acceptance and the rigid matrix of social pressure within the caste. Through a British teacher, Hazari began the studies that led to an education in France, the point at which the book ends. The writing is serious and solid, permeated with the intricacies of rites and festivals, with the warmth and solidity of family life, and with the terrible conflict between adherence to inculcated patterns and adoption of new ways that are a denial of the old. Knowing the barriers for the untouchable, the author deliberately became a Muslim and concealed his origins. The name Hazari is a pseudonym. For young adults.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1841

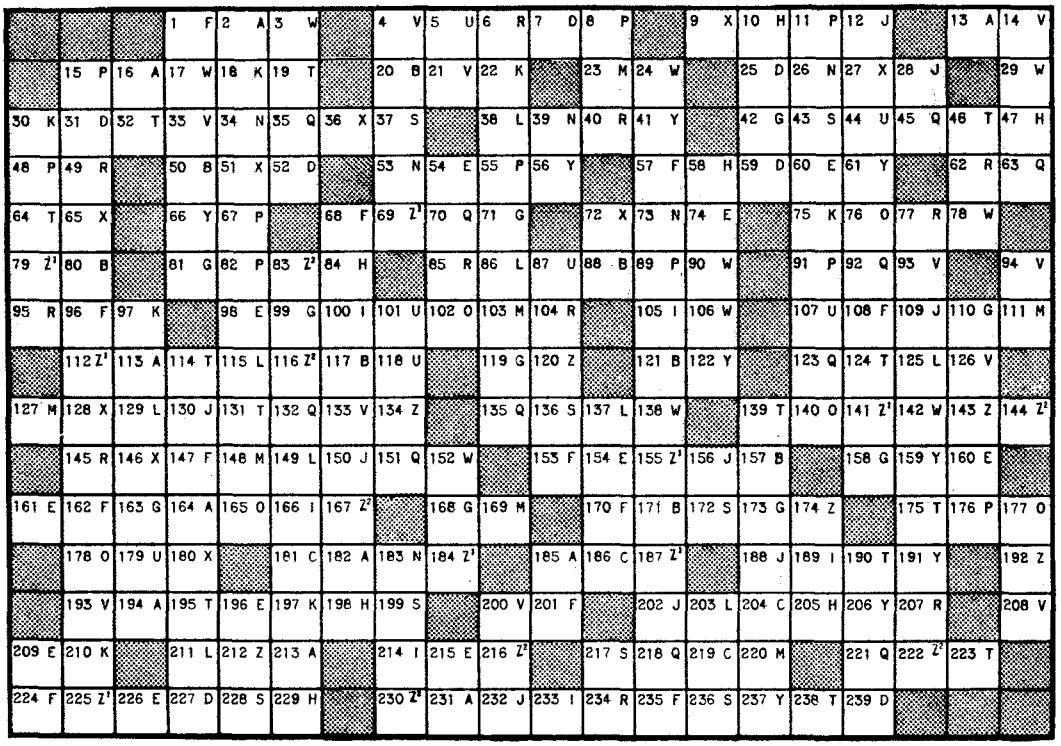
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The quality of being brilliant, enlightened, inspired.	2 113 164 182 185 194 213 231 13 16
B. Attraction to or liking for.	20 50 80 88 117 121 157 171
C. European plant yielding a blue dye.	181 186 204 219
D. Large brown edible seaweed.	227 239 7 25 31 52 59
E. Room with sound-reflecting walls used for recording or broadcasting (2 wds.)	74 161 209 215 226 54 60 98 154 160 196
F. Resort and industrial city of New York (2 wds.)	201 235 1 57 68 96 108 147 153 162 170 224
G. Reflection, thought.	42 71 81 99 110 119 158 163 168 173
H. "Not to the sensual ear, but, more ———, /Pipe to the spirit . . ." (contr.; Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn").	198 205 229 10 47 58 84
I. Overindulgent.	100 105 166 189 214 233
J. Calm, steady.	109 130 150 156 188 202 232 28 12
K. With Jones, he founded the New York Times (1820-69).	30 75 97 197 210 18 22
L. Soil material transported and deposited by streams.	125 129 137 149 203 38 86 115 211
M. Invest with a freehold estate in land.	220 23 103 111 127 148 169
N. Female demon in Semitic myth.	183 26 34 39 53 73
O. Looseness.	140 165 76 102 177 178
P. Home of Washington University (2 wds.)	8 11 48 89 91 15 82 176 55 67
Q. Cereal grain with large loose spikes and conspicuous papery glumes (2 wds.)	45 132 35 63 70 92 123 135 151 218 221
R. Region and former provinces in the center of the Paris basin (comp.)	77 40 85 145 207 104 234 6 49 62 95
S. Ward Stradlater to Holden Caulfield, for instance.	37 43 172 217 236 136 199 228
T. Inscribed bronze plaques of the 1st & 2nd cent. A.D., discovered in 1444 at Gubbio, Italy (2 wds.)	114 238 195 32 131 190 223 64 139 175 46 124 19
U. "Away! ——— is dark beneath the moon." (2 wds.; Shelley, "Stanzas.—April, 1814").	87 107 118 44 179 5 101
V. Presumptuous, arrogant.	14 94 33 4 208 93 126 133 200 21 193
W. Sluices.	106 3 17 24 152 90 142 29 138 78
X. In a way arousing compassion.	128 146 72 36 51 180 27 9 65
Y. Waged with desperation and uncompromising spirit (comp.)	41 237 56 61 191 66 122 206 159
Z. Tries; analyzes, judges.	192 134 120 212 143 174
Z^1. A fireman's implement for forcible entry or demolition (2 wds.)	112 69 225 141 187 79 155 184
Z^2. Juliet seems to hang "upon the cheek of night/Like a rich jewel in an—— ear," says Romeo.	167 216 222 116 83 230 144

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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